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THE TABLET

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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD
JUNE, 1936

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE ETHIOPIAN FIASCO—AND AFTER

NOW that the bloody fiasco in Ethiopia has come to an end, let us see if we can get any satisfaction out of it. Yes, satisfaction—the jewel in the toad's head, comfort in adversity, satisfaction in tragedy.

First, then, the League of Nations is exposed before the world for what it really is, false, pretentious, helpless, cowardly. Conceived in idealistic ignorance, begotten of insincerity, it lived on fraud and died. "A blow has been struck at the League," Anthony Eden confesses. "Blow" is a parliamentary euphemism. It should read "Deathblow."

Deathblow to the League

Obdurate advocates of the League will deny that it is dead, but as the visitor to a cemetery said when he read on a tombstone, "Not dead, but sleepeth," "If I were dead I would own up to it." "The League must go on," says Mr. Eden. But there springs to mind the curt definitive retort to the statement, "Actors must live": "Why?" The vast pretentious palace in Geneva will doubtless stand; the high salaried delegates will assemble; tongue in cheek they will make the same stereotyped speeches about universal peace, but no one need any longer be deceived or deluded. Idealism must not degenerate into gullibility. When one member of an organization of fifty-three nations can flout all the others, among them the biggest and strongest in Europe, it is time for that organization to emulate the Arab, fold its tents and silently steal away.

THE fundamental fault of the League was moral cowardice. It hadn't the nerve to look its Articles X. and XVI. in the face. It sidestepped when honest men demanded to know "What do you mean when you say 'preserve territorial integrity'? How will you manage it? When Japan takes a bite out of China, will you send soldiers to take the bite out of the Mikado's mouth? And what about sanctions? What shall they be and how will you enforce them?" "Hush, hush," said the League's advocates, "don't ask silly questions." I call it moral cowardice. If you prefer, you may

call it intellectual dishonesty. It is both. No organization, no matter how nobly conceived and hopefully inaugurated, can survive if it will not face reality. The League took a "sock-in-the-jaw" from Japan and then a blow in the solar plexus from Italy. It is down and out. Its prostrate form should be removed from the ring.

It Deserved to Die

THIS is not to say that another League may not be formed. The idea—a magnificent idea—remains. But let the founders of the next "parliament of the world, federation of mankind" play fair with themselves and with all of us. Let them answer our honest questions and not sneer at us, when we ask, "What will you do if . . ." "What shall be our obligations when . . ." and so on. They must not ask us to sign a blank check or put our names to a document filled with evasions, omissions and ambiguities. And for the sake of such League-apologists as Anthony Eden, let it be made clear that blaming the United States for the failure of the dead League is not the way to get us into a resurrected or a new-born League. When the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs arose in the House of Commons and declared, "It was thought that the League would be universal . . . literal fulfillment of Article XVI. is not possible while the United States is not a member of the League," he was of course only producing an "alibi." It wasn't the sporting thing to do. But perhaps we ought to explain patiently for the thousandth time—if we can project the idea powerfully enough to penetrate his defense mechanism—that before we join the League we have a right to know what the League means. To put the question concretely: if the United States had joined the League, should we have been bound by Article X. to conscript soldiers and send them to drive the Japanese out of Manchukuo? And should we now be bound to send others to Ethiopia to drive the Italians out, pausing on our way through the Mediterranean to depose *Il Duce*? We are simple folk, we Americans; we have a one-track mind. It is doubtless only a childish superstition, but still we do like to be told what we must do before we bind ourselves to do it. Nor are we alone in that attitude of mind. Sir Samuel Hoare, who formerly held Mr. Anthony Eden's present post, said, when Addis Ababa fell: "Hereafter Britain must not make commitments she cannot carry out. We must not give the impression that we are prepared to fight everywhere and anyhow for causes that don't concern us. I am inclined to think the time has come when the British Government might make it clear to the world what are the questions we regard as vital and for which we are prepared to fight." What Sir Samuel felt after the Ethiopian debacle, we Americans have felt since 1918.

Of Course Uncle Sam Did It

No Pig in a Poke

His Lordship continues: "I would make it quite clear that the integrity of the Low Countries and the Channel ports is a vital interest for which we would certainly fight. It may be that there would be other vital interests, perhaps in the Far East, which we would certainly maintain. As to other disputes, I would certainly not tie the hands of

Britain in the future; we should judge the situation when it arose."

Vital or Nonvital?

There you have a side light on the attitude of the most powerful member of the League. England is prepared to fight for some issues and not for others. She regards some questions as vital and not others. They are vital if they are vital to her. But the League makes no such distinctions. It does not discriminate between matters that are vital to England and those that are not. All matters involving justice and right are important to the League and members are supposed to be concerned about all those matters.

Was the League "On the Level"?

MAY we further explain to Mr. Eden and other European passers-of-the-buck that we consider their placing upon us the blame for the failure of the League an insufferable impertinence. We understand that it must be mortifying to England to be snubbed and ridiculed by Italy. But let the English not cover up their embarrassment with the unsportsmanlike complaint, "We could have licked the opponent if Uncle Sam had been in the ring." If fifty-three of them couldn't lick him, it is to be doubted that fifty-four could do the job. And let it never be forgotten that the reason we are not in that ring is that nobody would explain to us the rules of the contest. We suspected in consequence, that the League was not "on the level." And now we know. If it was "on the level" why didn't the League deal with Japan as it did with Italy? And why didn't it do something about Hitler's advance to the Rhine? The truth seems to be that the League doesn't know exactly what it will do or can do or intends to do. Sir Samuel Hoare wants to "judge the situation when it arises," which seems to mean that when a case comes before the League he would have England act or not act in accordance with her own advantage. We feared as much. Hence we have remained out.

Mr. Eden has at last come to believe in telling the world what England and the League will do in the future. He says, "Having decided our course in the light of events, we must tell the world the course we propose to follow. We must tell them what we will do and what we will not do, for there is nothing more dangerous than a foreign policy based on unrealities."

Mr. Eden is just now discovering the danger. We have seen it since the formation of the League. And we have known also that the reason the League did not define its purposes and predict its course of action is not only that it didn't know, but that it didn't dare say. Let Mr. Eden persuade the League to write an honest Constitution, or better still, let him clean away the rubbish of the discredited and morally defunct League and build an honest one. Then let him come to us and ask us if we would not like to join.

But let him understand this: he must ask *us;* not our president but us. Three presidents tried to lead us into the League; one of them tried to sneak us in by the back door. They all failed. One would imagine that a European observer would awake to the fact of the existence of the American people distinct from the American president.

Europeans still cry "Woodrow Wilson!" when we the American people refuse to join the League. Woodrow Wilson doubtless had his vanities and perhaps he suffered from a delusion of grandeur, but I doubt if he told them at Versailles, "I am the people." He was too close to the spot where Louis XIV. is alleged to have said "I am the State." Wilson was indeed an easy mark for the European diplomats. Lloyd George came out from his first meeting with Wilson, saying as he winked the eye, "This is too easy." Yes, Wilson was easy. But the Senate was not so easy. Nor the House of Representatives. And the people were not easy at all. Senate, House and People broke the heart of Woodrow Wilson. And they will break the heart of any European diplomat who attempts to inveigle the American people into all future wars by getting our signature to a deliberately ambiguous document. Some of us had a moderate regard for the unfortunate Wilson. But all of us have an immoderate esteem for a greater than Woodrow Wilson, George Washington, who left as his legacy the warning, "Beware of entangling foreign alliances."

"We the People"

Also we had another president who made an epigram, an uncouth jingle that betrays the backwoodsman, but is none the less a shrewd observation: "You can fool some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." Europe fooled all of us into believing that the World War was to save democracy. But she can't fool us into believing that the League—the present League—is an honest and impartial juridical institution.

WE have learned another lesson from the deplorable slaughter of the Ethiopians. The lesson is the old one: in this world might conquers right. We used to sing in our school days, "Conquer we must for our cause it is just," but as we have gone along and observed how matters turn out in this our disappointing earthly existence; as we accumulate disillusions until they seem to become the very warp and woof of human life; and as we amplify our own experience by reading history, we come to the fixed conclusion that the just cause is defeated more often than not. "Great is Truth and it shall prevail." Yes, ultimately, in eternity. "Let Justice be done though the heavens fall." Say rather, justice will not be done *until* the heavens fall. Cardinal Newman makes the point that God is made known to man here below primarily as the Dispenser of retributive justice. But God does not always dispense justice on this earth. In fact one proof of the other life is that this life cruelly contradicts our expectation of justice. If God is just, we say, there must be another world where the wrongs of this one will be righted.

Success the Criterion of Right?

It is almost a heresy, therefore, to say that the cause that wins must be the true cause. It smacks of Calvinism: Be good and you will be prosperous; material prosperity is a sign of divine favor. If a man is wealthy it proves that he is good; if very wealthy, very good; enormously wealthy, a saint. The other day in a New York court, a gentleman whom the newspapers salute "King of the Racketeers," being held in $100,000 bail, instantly produced the amount in cold cash.

Trying to hold him, the court on another count demanded a few thousand dollars more. The extra amount was planked down as promptly as the first. If prosperity proves virtue, that racketeer must be a very holy man. By the same logic, Francis of Assisi must have been very wicked, and the Curé of Ars and St. Peter ("gold and silver have I none"). Elizabeth of Hungary must have displeased the Lord grievously when she turned away from the pomp of the court to the care of the sick and the afflicted, for her troubles began when she did so. And St. Gregory VII. must have been canonized by mistake, for did he not confess "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile"? And the patriarch Job—but enough!

And of Virtue?

So, if success proves that the hand of God is with the conqueror (you may hear the thesis propounded by certain admirers of Mussolini), we shall have to revise our calendar of saints: St. Alexander the Great, conqueror of the world; St. Julius Cæsar, builder of the Roman Empire; St. Napoleon Bonaparte, victor over all Europe; St. Cecil Rhodes of "The Cape to Cairo" fame; St. Clive of India; Sts. Pizarro and Cortes, triumphant in the Indies, and so on *ad lib.* Pardon the seeming sacrilege, dear reader, but surely you wouldn't demand a serious, solemn answer to those who maintain that Italy's cause must have been just because the Italians are now sitting on the top of the world—or at least on the top of an 8,000-foot plateau in Addis Ababa.

If we may allege Scripture—and why not?—to illuminate the issue, our Savior said, "The hour cometh when he that killeth you will think he doth a service to God." It is a cause of wonder and scandal that those who say so confidently, that the one true religion will now be preached in Ethiopia, seem not to have read that text or to have meditated upon the possibility of its application to the invaders. There is, inside the walls of Vatican City, an Ethiopian College wherein are a number of young Ethiopians preparing for the priesthood and for the apostolate in their own land. Are we to believe that Italy wished only to open the way for them? And have we still to learn that to send the sword before the cross is a tragic blunder as well as a sin against the letter and the spirit of the Gospel? I marvel when I hear Catholics using an argument that should come only from the mouths of Mohammedans. The sword and the crescent go together, but not the sword and the cross.

The Sword and the Cross?

Our Savior sent before Him to prepare the way John the Baptist, unarmed except with sanctity. Are we to send armies with swords and knives and rifles, bombing planes and mustard gas? Our Savior wouldn't even ask the Father for legions of angels to defend Him; has the time come when we shall not hesitate to use legions of fighting men to do the work of Jesus?

So, then, the idea that success proves the justice of the cause, seems to me Calvinistic. The other idea, that the soldier must prepare the way for the priest is rank Mohammedanism.

IT embarrasses the defenders of Italy's course if you ask them to apply the criterion of success as evi-

dence of virtue in the case of conquests other than their own. Recently a book has appeared entitled *The Rape of Africa*. Its author, Mr. Lamar Middleton, impartially condemns *all* nations that have taken advantage of the simplicity and the helplessness of the blacks. To him England, France, Italy, Belgium, Germany have all been criminal and immoral in their conquest of the Dark Continent. One of his reviewers, Barbara Wertheim in *The Nation*, May 13th, expresses the opinion that Mr. Middleton is too angry to see straight, but even with her modification of his judgment, the indictment remains sufficiently vigorous. "When Kipling," she says, "exhorted England to 'take up the white man's burden,' he pictured the undertaking as a duty, imperious and noble. That the work of spreading civilization among the heathen would have to be carried out by warlike methods he was quite aware. But the wars which would necessarily be involved in the process of bringing light to darkest Africa he called 'the savage wars of peace.' They were justified by their end. It is the attitude expressed in 'The White Man's Burden' that enrages Mr. Middleton as he follows the course of European imperialism in Africa. To him, all the talk which the practitioners of expansion indulged in about bringing to the natives the benefits of civilization in the shape of cotton pants and the Christian religion was purest hypocrisy."

The Ethics of Conquest

The author of *The Rape of Africa* says, "Any ethical consideration of what right England had at all . . . in Africa was of course irrelevant." The critic disagrees: the ethical consideration was always there; England never acted until she had found an ethical motive. Queen Victoria, for example, justified the occupation of Afghanistan: "It is *not* for aggrandizement but to *prevent war* and bloodshed that we *must* do this. The Ameer *cannot* manage his own people." For Afghanistan substitute Ethiopia, and in place of Ameer read Negus and you have a curious phenomenon—Mussolini justified by Victoria.

Again, when England went into the Sudan, she told herself that it was to avenge the death of Gordon at Khartoum, just as Italy told herself that she went into Ethiopia to avenge the slaughter of the Italians at Adowa. Apologists for Mussolini do not bother to explain why Italy waited so long to avenge that humiliation, or how it happened that the Italian regiments forty years ago happened to be so deep in a country not their own, or why their being wiped out was "slaughter" whereas a similar destruction of a foreign invader in Italy would have been a noble victory achieved with the divine assistance. Similarly, apologists for England pass lightly over the reasons for Gordon's being in Khartoum. If Gordon had been a German or a Frenchman and were in London for the same reason and with the same purpose that he was in Khartoum, the English would not have considered his removal murder, nor would it have called for revenge.

IT is amusing, though of course disedifying, to see how conquerors, Italian, French, Spanish, Belgian, English, all justify themselves with the selfsame arguments. The English mind no doubt has been the most resourceful in discovering

high moral motives for the conquest of coveted lands. Middleton quotes Lord Cromer who speaks of "the solemn and responsible duty of introducing the light of Western civilization amongst the sorely tried people of the Sudan." Italians in common with the other Latins consider these high flown protestations of moral purpose as just so much nauseating hypocrisy. None the less we now hear the same argument, and to all intents the very same phrases, to justify the conquest of the Ethiopians. Miss Wertheim remarks sententiously, "English imperialism . . . went out as duty and came back as profit." So, the Italian conquest of Ethiopia went out as duty, high holy pious duty, the abolition of slavery, the extirpation of immorality and the introduction of modern sanitation. It comes back as conquest, occupation, annexation, inauguration of a new Roman Empire.

All benefits, moreover, the Ethiopians must accept from Italians and from no others. It would never do for Mussolini to write a note to the League and say, "I went in there on a punitive expedition and for the purpose of substituting civilization in place of barbarism. It is a matter of no importance to me by whom these blessings shall be conferred upon the liberated people. I should be pleased to have the League attend to the matter. If the League wishes to delegate the onerous task to England, I shall be only too happy. England will do a good job; she has had experience. She knows how to deal with 'natives.'" I say it wouldn't do for Mussolini to write that letter. All the diplomats in Europe would drop dead.

Kill Us, But Don't Lie to Us

NO, let the Italians avoid what they themselves have always called "English hypocrisy." Let them simply say: We wanted some land in Africa. We looked around to see where we could get it most easily. Ethiopia was the only country not protected by a great European Power. So we picked on Ethiopia, we went in and we took it. What we have we hold. That's all. We avoid the pretense of high moral and religious purpose such as the Anglo-Saxons use. We are land-grabbers but we are not liars." Such a declaration would be brutally frank, but none the less refreshing after all the hypocritical cant we have heard since the white nations commenced to gobble up the black.

White Man = Trickster

JUST before Bishop Wade returned from the United States to his remote diocese in the Solomon Islands, he told of a cross-questioning to which one of his black chiefs was submitted, "Do you like the bishop?" "We like bishop." "Do you like the government?" "We no like government." "Why do you not like the government?" "Government white man." "But the bishop is a white man." "Bishop no white man; bishop say true." The primitive black is sagacious. In his eyes "white man" means "deceiver." Out of the mouths of children—and "savages"—the white conqueror stands indicted. It would be a relief if the conqueror were only a conqueror and not a persistent prevaricator.

THERE is, however, one phase of the Ethiopian question in which I do confess that the Mussolinians

have the advantage of their French and English critics. It was expressed by Virginio Gayda in the *Giornale d'Italia* quoted in *The New York Times*. He says, "As for the hasty claims made by some Powers that say they have rights in Ethiopia, it suffices to recall that all League members declared that they had no personal interests and harped only on the pure cause of international justice. They who posed as judges surely do not wish to take part in what in their eyes is Italian loot."

A supremely ironical statement of the situation, and as it seems to me unanswerable. Whatever rights England and France may have, or claim to have in Ethiopia have been obtained from the Ethiopians by force of arms, or by threat of coercion, or by unfair advantage taken of the simple folk. The English and the French, therefore, are in no position to demand even so much as a "sphere of influence" or a concession in Ethiopia. In accordance with the code which has been observed in the occupation of all Africa, the first and strongest right is that of conquest. All others, such as a right obtained by purchase (perhaps a few trinkets in exchange for a province) or by persuasion of a petty king, must go by the board in the face of the supreme right acknowledged in fact, if not in the documents, by all nations, the right of military conquest. Yes, in this world might makes right, though not in any manual of Christian ethics, surely not in Catholic moral theology. The first maxim the student learns in the Treatise on Justice is *res clamat domino*. "The thing cries out for its owner." But by a pragmatic principle, recognized by the nations, notwithstanding all highly ethical protestations about right and justice, the thing belongs to him who can take it. So, Ethiopia is Italy's, and that's the end of the matter.

The Code of the World

THE end? Perhaps not. Indeed I think not. In that speech made by Anthony Eden in the House of Commons, in the midst of much soft and deprecatory phrasing there lies concealed a sentence that sounds like a warning and a threat. "When the time comes," he said, "His Majesty's Government will be perfectly ready to state its views. We propose to engage immediately upon consideration of the problems involved and for that purpose we shall enter into consultation with the dominions." Translating the language of diplomacy into simple English it means: "If Canada and Australia say 'Go ahead,' and if India and Egypt can be persuaded not to stab us in the back, we will deal with Mussolini in the way that we dealt with Napoleon and other conquerors who have thought to dispute the English claim to the ownership of the earth."

The End Not Yet

So the end may not be yet. Perhaps nothing will happen for three years, or five or ten. But I, for one, miss my guess if England remains content, with her prestige damaged before the colored races and her pride brought low by Italy. However, for the moment Mussolini is "sitting pretty," laughing in his sleeve at England and the League.

PRAIRIE WOMAN'S PRAYER

By Shirley Dillon Waite

THIS is the dawn! I have waked too soon.
Cool night possessed me and in dreamful sleep
Gave back my native land. God, grant I keep
This verdured hour against the breathless noon
That stifles prairie women. Give me the croon
Of seabreeze to remember when hot winds leap
Like unleashed hounds across the plains, or creep
At harvest time through the quivering wheat fields strewn
With chaff and winnowed grain.

O may I hold
Beneath my consciousness as weft for dreams,
The cool and cadenced joy of mountain streams
With April spreading bloom like cloth-of-gold
To gladden lean and hungry years.

While scrolled
Before my eyes are tawny acres, like reams
Of saffron parchment to the sun, earth teems
With beauty that will ever haunt me—age-old
Enchantments prairies cannot know, for I
Hold fast the sound of lapping water; a boat
Atuned to rhythm of the tides; the cry
Of wheeling gulls as white wings match their speed
With stately ships . . . and when my tightening throat
Seems parched beyond all quenching, O I pray,
Bring to my memory billows white with spray
Fanned by the ocean's breath; cool draughts from deep,
Pierian springs too clear for shadowed gloom. . . .

O, you who know high hills, bow down and weep
For women who must share the prairie's doom
And have not these impounded for their need.

PEACE IN EUROPE

By Leonid I. Strakhovsky

EVER since the signing of peace treaties which terminated the War "to end all wars," alarmed voices have been heard predicting another and even greater conflagration which this time would "end Western civilization." Innumerable are those writers who, like the ancient Cassandra, spread gloom and forecast devastation in a Europe divided into military camps armed to the teeth. They prophesy that war is inevitable and that nothing short of a miracle can save the old continent from its doom.

To-day when headlines shriek of war these pessimists nod gravely as if to say, "Did we not tell you?" Yet it seems that the prospects of another world carnage are still very remote, perhaps even impossible, when one considers the facts in the case and compares them with the conditions which brought about the outbreak of the War in 1914. Then European powers were definitely aligned in two opposing camps bound together into solid blocks by formal treaties as in the case of the Triple Alliance, or by mutual interests as in the case of the Triple Entente. Under the pretext of keeping a balance of power, each group strove to upset effectively that very balance by obtaining new allies or by assuring for themselves the benevolent neutrality of those whom they could not persuade to join with them. Thus, when the die was cast and the War was started, Germany and Austria-Hungary added to their side Turkey and Bulgaria whilst England, France and Russia not only persuaded Italy to desert the Central Powers and join the opposite side, but added to their strength the resources of Japan, Roumania, and finally those of the United States, not to speak of a number of powers whose help, though often effective, consisted mostly of financial and economic rather than military actions.

A close study of pre-War conditions reveals the essence of the situation. There are many, if not all, of the students of history who contend that the rivalry of Germany and England, of Russia and Austria-Hungary, and a desire for revenge on the part of France were the moving forces that provoked the outbreak of the World War. They point out to-day that post-War Europe has embarked on a similar course, that the present race for armaments counts even a greater number of contestants than before 1914, and that *ipso facto* the result must be the same—war.

However it appears that fundamentally the conditions in post-War Europe are vastly different from those which determined the coming of the War in 1914. Idealists will have it that the peace machinery set up by the League of Nations, based essentially on a conception of democratic equality of States in international life, is the only effective means to prevent nations from settling their disputes by armed force. Skeptics, on the other hand, pointing out the innumerable fail-

ures of the Geneva institution to carry out its purpose of preserving peace, jump to the conclusion that once Wilson's brain-child is proved to be a moron, Europe will revert inevitably to the pre-War system of alliances based on the conception of "might is right" and thus set in operation a vast military machinery whose sole function is war.

The truth seems to lie somewhere in between those two conceptions of contemporary Europe, because even given the admission of the League of Nations' failure to act as a peaceful arbiter in international disputes, the fact remains that European powers are not aligned in two opposing groups of alliances and therefore do not fulfill the unfortunate conditions which must lead inevitably to armed conflicts. Danger always lurks in Europe when any individual power attempts to dominate the continent. Whenever such conditions arise, one finds that Great Britain holds the key to the situation. It was the Island Kingdom which defeated Spain in the sixteenth century when that power claimed to control all European destinies. It was England again who stood stanch and unflinching in her position against France when Napoleon extended French domination to all of Western and Central Europe. It was England once more who threw the tremendous weight and all the resources of the British Empire on the scales to oppose the hegemony of Germany in Europe. But to-day there is no single power which can even attempt to control the European continent, and thus England can continue to slumber peacefully, because the Anglo-Italian conflict over Ethiopia is not a European conflict and therefore cannot provoke the outbreak of a general European war.

Although in the years following the end of the World War, France appeared to be the mistress of Europe through her system of alliances, England was not worried because she knew that the Third French Republic potentially did not possess the energies and the ambitions necessary for the transformation of the European continent into a private French preserve. To-day, France is still allied on paper to the Little Entente composed of Czechoslovakia, Roumania and Yugoslavia, but there is little if any of the community of interests left which had determined the making of these alliances. It looks quite certain that with the exception, perhaps, of Belgium, not one of the present allies of France will come to the defense of the Third Republic when called upon to do so under the terms of existing treaties. On the other hand the alliances of Italy with Albania, Austria and Hungary have a purely local character devoid of far-reaching all-European effects. As to the revival of the Franco-Russian alliance in the form of the Franco-Soviet Pact signed in Paris in the month of May of last year and only recently ratified by the French Parliament, it is doubtful whether it can ever be effective, as Soviet Russia has no common frontiers with Germany, against whom the Pact is directed, and France's minor allies are very unwilling to open their own territories for the eventual passage of Soviet troops.

The gravest danger to peace lies directly in the state of mind of both the people and their leaders. We are apt more often than not to shut our eyes to reality and to pursue a

course mapped out by an idealistic consideration based on certain fundamental concepts, fallacious as they are, that by a stroke of the pen or by a catch phrase in a public oration, the destinies of humanity can be changed over night. Yet, every available evidence that we possess points to a realization that the ways of the world are narrow and tortuous and that the progress of humanity is a very slow process.

When at the end of the World War monarchies were swept out of existence almost universally and new principles for the guidance of the relationships of mankind were proclaimed, soap-box orators and benign homespun philosophers decided that the world had obtained a new lease on life. As if by a miracle, old conceptions as well as old methods were discarded like worn-out clothes and new ready-made garments were donned for the "Easter Parade." But after the procession was over and the wild cheering had abated, the world returned to its every-day existence and found that the hastily discarded business suit, though slightly shabby, was more comfortable. Thus, when secret diplomacy was denounced as unfit for a world now guided by democratic principles, chanceries soon found out the fundamental truth of the old saying that words had been given the human being in order to conceal his thoughts. And so the world was soon flooded with such an avalanche of words that it became humanly impossible to detect the truth in the solemn proclamations of governments and individuals. Then to simplify the matter and to avoid being utterly confused, mankind adopted a series of formulæ and a set of preconceived notions.

The man-in-the-street of to-day is called upon to pronounce judgment on a multitude of problems, but unable to understand them because of their complexity and variety or because of his ignorance he seeks refuge behind a few ready-made ideals. This ostrich-like attitude of the average man has been deliberate only so far as it has been unavoidable. Meanwhile, words continue to pour in a steadfast stream hiding the real issues and thus indirectly reviving the old but effective principle of secret diplomacy. After all, the average man, though informed of the actions and negotiations performed by governments, is more often than not in complete ignorance of the actual motives hidden behind the words of official declarations. Yet, with all this, in modern democracies, he is supposed not only to know but also to judge, and because of his fundamental inability to grasp the multivarious aspects of world problems, he guides his decisions by a simplified set of preconceived notions, which are the bane of good politics.

Thus, in 1914, the idea prevalent in influential circles that war was inevitable, helped to plunge Europe into the catastrophe. "The clash cannot be avoided so let it come." This view paralyzed the best intentions and prevented courageous action when it alone could have saved the peace. Europe drifted into the War because the militarists by parrot-like repetitions had persuaded the people that no other way existed out of the political deadlock. The price of this notion was a heavy one. Yet, the lesson seems not to have been learned and to-day international relations often remain at the mercy of preconceived notions, the attraction of

which lies in the fact that they render unnecessary the bothersome alternative — constructive thought. But if preconceived notions are a comfortable habit of laymen, for political leaders they are a serious handicap, and in the case of statesmen they really constitute a criminal offense.

The doctrine of self-determination as a right of all nationalities is one of the most harmful of these notions, which to-day make a reasonable attitude towards international problems so difficult. It seems reasonable to doubt whether President Wilson, when including this principle among his famous Fourteen Points, could have attached to it the construction put upon it later by some people in Europe. If he had, he would have admitted the right of the compact Jewish colony in New York to deny its allegiance to the United States. One may be comfortably certain that President Wilson merely desired to assert the right of all the citizens, and therefore also of those belonging to one race, to associate together to claim redress against injustice. From this purely democratic right it is a long way to the enthronement of self-determination as a fetish before which all must bow, irrespective of any other claim or consideration. In fact self-determination was given prominence in the peace settlements after the end of the World War mainly because it had been so utterly disregarded by the Central Powers. There is no doubt that unity of race is an important thing. It is an essential factor for the formation and maintenance of the modern State, but only in suitable combination with geographical, political and especially with economic elements. If this were not so, there would be no need to give close attention to the strengthening of the imperial link between the mother country and the British Dominions in the Pacific by the development of trade; or the broad Atlantic would not be an obstacle to the reunion of the Eastern Seaboard States with Great Britain.

Unfortunately, that preconceived notion of the principle of self-determination as the one ranking all others soon received the addition, by way of an unnatural graft, of the preconceived notion that "State" and "Race" are identical. In the question of race, one cannot tread too warily, for Europe is packed with peoples whose political unity depends least on common descent. After all, which of the leading nations in Europe can claim an unmixed ancestry? The Nordic or Aryan theory of the German Nazis has no ground upon which to stand, when one considers that the Central European plain, the major part of which is precisely occupied by Germany, has been in the past the clashing ground of innumerable migrations. And not so long ago a painstaking Swiss scientist destroyed our pet illusion about the Bretons by proving that this little people so firmly welded together into one whole by its language and profound sense of common ancestry is in reality composed of five different human strains.

Thus, there is no doubt that the commonly accepted ideas about race and nationality need to be revised. And, certainly, one does not need to go far to find in the example of the Swiss Confederation a strong refutation of the preconceived notion that race and State are identical. Therefore, most of the argu-

ments (if not all of them) advanced by the advocates of territorial revision of post-War treaties fall absolutely flat. When Hungary demands the return to the mother country of the Magyar minorities in Czechoslovakia, Roumania and Yugoslavia, she does it not on the ground that she could give these people greater individual rights or a higher standard of living but only on the ground of nationality. When the Croats of Yugoslavia clamor for independence after having voluntarily united with the Serbs, it is not because they can actually constitute a political, geographic and economic entity, but purely on the ground of nationality. And again, when Germany demands union with Austria it is not because agricultural Austria with its important industrial capital, Vienna, can be an asset to the economic life of the German people who in turn can provide a greater prosperity for the Austrian people, but merely on the ground that both peoples speak the same language and have a common ancestry in the dim past of history.

Another dangerous preconceived notion is the use of the present-day map of Europe as a means to prove that the frontiers have to be revised. This preconceived notion belongs to the category of optical illusions. It is particularly true in the case of the so-called Polish Corridor. The map shows clearly and often in opposite colors how the Polish Corridor cuts off from the main body of Germany its Eastern Prussian province. And immediately the onlooker begins to think that the separation of two territories inhabited by the same people is not only unjust but thoroughly abnormal. Yet, to-day, over fifteen years after the creation of the Polish Corridor, without which a regenerated Poland is unthinkable, it has ceased to be a dividing problem in Polish-German relations, because the frontiers have actually become invisible. After all, as early as 1924, Dr. Holtz of the Reich's Railways Directorate in Koenigsberg, East Prussia, wrote:

"From the point of view of transit, East Prussia has ceased to be an enclave. The railway of the Reich has thrown a bridge across the Polish territory. The internal German tariff for transportation is applied as if the territory situated between East Prussia and the rest of Germany were yet a German possession. It must be admitted also that the administration of the Polish railways does its best to carry out its obligations."

Since then, things have so considerably improved in that part of the world, that Poland and Germany were able to patch up their differences and sign last year a ten-year mutual pact of non-aggression. Although some observers have pointed out that this act on the part of Germany is not to be construed as a renunciation of her claim to the Polish Corridor but only as a sort of breathing space which she needs to gather her strength, the truth remains that the psychological effect of the provisions of this pact will be such as to shelve the question of revision forever. After all, the peaceful workings of this pact for a period of ten years will prove effectively that no real problem exists between Germany and Poland.

The same thing is true about other so-called danger zones in Europe. Some of them, like the problem of the Saar, have been per-

manently removed already, others, like the questions of Bessarabia, of the Teshen, of Dobrudja or that of the Hungarian claims, gradually become obliterated by the ever-healing process of time. The establishment of normal diplomatic and commercial relations between Roumania and Soviet Russia instead of raising once more the question as to whether Roumania rightfully owns the province of Bessarabia, has actually postponed indefinitely the solution of this problem until most certainly the whole question will cease to be a problem, having been accepted by both contestants as a practical reality. In this case as in that of the Polish Corridor even the temporary admission of the *status quo* will bear its practical fruit by eliminating completely these so-called danger zones. It is true that in the case of Bulgaria and Hungary the situation is more difficult but not hopeless by any means. With the coming of a new generation the stigma of defeat will gradually lose its psychological effect until those claims will fade into insignificance.

Whether or not actual partial revision of frontiers can be accomplished in Central and Southeastern Europe is immaterial so far as maintenance of the peace is concerned, because sooner or later the people of these countries will realize that they have been misled by demagogues and unscrupulous politicians in accepting the belief that all peoples of the same race or nationality should be living under the ægis of the same State. Because to achieve this would mean a bodily transportation of millions of persons from one territory to another with the resultant inconvenience, to say the least, to these people. Although such an exchange of nationals took place after the Greco-Turkish War of 1920-23, it is impractical in the case of the Magyar and Bulgarian minorities in the Succession States because of the much greater number of people involved. Furthermore such a plan is bound to meet the stubborn resistance on the part of the governments of Bulgaria and Hungary who cherish an impossible dream to regain not lost people but lost territories which, if returned, would then create large national minorities composed of Roumanians, Germans and Yugoslavs, thus, only reversing the present situation without any guarantee of betterment.

Among the preconceived notions of danger zones in Europe the most fallacious is the conception or even belief that Germany is bound to resort to war sooner or later and, perhaps sooner, because she is stifled in her frontiers and lacks the natural resources which she possessed before the Treaty of Versailles was imposed upon her. This belief grew in proportion as the Weimar Republic weakened, and the star of Adolf Hitler rose higher and higher on the German political firmament. People who read Hitler's book *My Struggle*, pointed out that his program, as elaborated in 1923, calls for a complete territorial revision of the Versailles Treaty by means of a series of wars similar to those which brought about the creation of a unified German Empire in the nineteenth century, for the realization of which a strong militaristic State was a preliminary necessity. Furthermore, these people argue that Hitler has actually carried out already the first part of his program by making Germany's rearmament in vio-

lation of the Versailles Treaty a reality, and that, as B follows A, Hitler is bound to continue on the path mapped out in 1923. Yet, it is obvious to any serious observer or to anyone who knows the inconsistencies of human psychology that what Hitler might have said in 1923, cannot constitute his program in 1936, simply because when he wrote his book he was an imprisoned, defeated leader of an ineffectual "Beer Putsch" and to-day he is the almost absolute arbiter of the destinies of 65,000,000 Germans.

It is difficult if not impossible to obtain a real picture of what is happening in Germany to-day if one merely founds one's opinion on the press reports, because almost all of them are intrinsically biased. However, if one tries to read between the lines or even pay close attention to Hitler's actual pronouncements, one is bound to find that the Hitler of to-day is very different from the Hitler of 1923. Germany has actually abrogated most of the parts of the Versailles Treaty, which she considered unfair and unjust, without resorting to war. By the mere display of her national will she was able to obtain concessions which everybody thought impossible without recourse to war. She stands to-day, strong and united, courted by most nations because she is feared, and she has no need to resort to war when she knows that she can obtain, in the near future, most of the things she now desires. In the present state of affairs in Europe, much to the disgust of those who are opposed to the principles and practices of the Nazi régime, Germany stands as a factor contributing rather to the maintenance of peace than as a disturbing element leading to war.

Paradoxical as it may seem at first, because of the lack of conditions similar to those before 1914 when two groups of alliances were facing each other, Germany, by not being allied to any power or groups of powers, contributes to the stability of Europe because of the very indeterminate character of her international position. There is no statesman or political leader in Europe to-day who could predict with certainty on which side of the fence Germany might be in the event of a European war. But as the participation of Germany on one or the other side, in case of war, will be an almost certain determinant for victory, there cannot be any war so long as Germany remains aloof, so long as she does not take the lead in the revival of a pre-War system of alliance.

There is no doubt that when one scrutinizes European skies, one may find a number of apparently threatening clouds, yet the very unsettled situation of the European atmosphere is, probably, the best guarantee that these storm clouds will fail to coalesce into a real storm. Had there been only two definite currents in opposition to each other, their struggle would most probably have resulted in a clash, but as there is a multitude of tendencies and directional waves, the occasional clashes which they provoke, necessarily end in mere local showers, *ipso facto* preventing the gathering of forces for an all-embracing regular storm.

As the situation stands to-day, the only real danger to European peace emanates from the groups of militant Pacifists, who are ready to plunge Europe and, perhaps, the whole world into another catastrophe similar to the World War

for the very sake of preserving peace. Idealism, as an expression of national and international policies, can serve and effectually did serve in the past as an excellent camouflage for the real motives which more often than not were selfish and imperialistic. But idealism, as a real moving force in international relations, turns out to be a challenge to the very existence of national stability. Enlightened egotism has always been the best policy of nations and of States, because it does not pretend to chase chimeras, but stands solidly with both feet on the ground; because it reveals openly its realistic nature, yet is careful to pursue its ends avoiding as much as possible treading on somebody else's toes.

In present-day Europe the League of Nations as a machinery for the preservation of peace among peoples has been used constantly if not all the time as a means rather than as an end in itself. Under the benevolent protection of the Geneva institution nations and States strove and still strive to achieve the realization of their selfish ends disguised as claims for justice. But, neither the League of Nations nor any other similar institution can administer justice, because, like that of the Supreme Court of the United States, its function is not the administration of justice but only the interpretation of the law, such as it is. It is up to the legislative chambers in a State or to the nations themselves in international relations to see that the law regulating the conduct of individuals as well as of groups of individuals forming nations be just. The failure to realize this state of affairs has provoked most of the crises in Europe since the end of the World War.

So the League of Nations stands to-day not as an instrument of peace but as an agent of war, because nations comprising it seek to enforce by its authority inadequate and unjust laws. The Covenant of the League of Nations is not infallible. Nations have the right and obligation to change the provisions of the Covenant in order to readjust relationships between modern States. And this realization is becoming clearer and clearer to the minds of the leaders of contemporary Europe who will certainly sooner or later follow the advice which Sir Samuel Hoare gave, when he stated the necessity for Europe to reapportion sources of natural wealth. In doing this they will happily pronounce the death sentence upon the existing doctrine of self-determination of nations.

Thus we see, that although Europe is suffering from many ills and the general situation is unsettled and unstable, this very instability is a greater guarantee for the maintenance of peace and for a peaceful solution of most of European difficulties, than had the atmosphere been cleared and Europe again divided into two opposed and opposing camps as on the eve of the World War.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

By Agnes M. Finn

THE sleigh back of the antique mahogany bed creaked ominously as Mary Sanderson, wife of Riverbank's leading physician, sank back heavily against the pillows. She poked at them, pulling them into a more comfortable position while she watched her husband puttering around the room doing last minute things, winding the clock, throwing up the shade all the way, opening the window top and bottom.

Her faded eyes under the prim gray braids rested in quiet contentment on the pajama-clad figure still lingering at the window. "I must say, Tom, it's not like you to be minding other people's business for them."

"I know it, Mary." Dr. Sanderson squinted a mild blue eye under a shaggy brow at a slanting beam of moonlight. He sighed, shook his head and crossed the room, the mules she had given him for his birthday slip-slopping on the hardwood floor. He sat on the edge of the bed, running his fingers through his thinning white hair. "Maybe I'm just a sentimental old fool, Mary, but . . . somehow, that little girl got me to-day."

His wife bridled. "I'm sure I don't see why Dolly Morris should get on your sympathies. She made her first big mistake when she threw over Pete Rollins, the steadiest Catholic in this town. Why, she was out of the convent only a year when she got herself engaged to him. But after Paul Morris blew into town she had no eyes for poor Pete. The fact that Paul wasn't a Catholic made no impression on her featherweight brain. And now you see the result."

"Can't put old heads on young shoulders."

"And then, as if jilting Pete wasn't bad enough, didn't she up and leave Paul before they were married two years? And Paul one of our most promising young neurologists? So promising, that he's just been put on the Staff of the Riverbank Sanitarium. Dolly didn't appeal to you for advice when she flung her red head out of the new house Paul had just paid for. She waited until she had her divorce all nicely signed, sealed and delivered, or whatever it is they do with divorce papers. Then, suddenly frightened at finding herself alone in the world, she has come back to Riverbank. And she's asking you to help her to patch up things between her and Paul. Now that her pride is satisfied and she's humbled him in the eyes of all Riverbank, she thinks it will be thrilling and romantic to make up and begin all over again."

"I'm sure I hope it ends that way." Dr. Sanderson looked quizzically into the gray eyes aflame with righteous wrath. "You don't think Dolly has come back because she still loves Paul?"

"Why, Tom. . . ."

"I declare, Mary, Dolly Morris made me think of you the way you looked way back when we were first married." He patted the wrinkled hand on the bedspread. "Remember that 'misunderstanding' we had soon after we were married? Nowa-

days it would be called a quarrel. And a serious one, too. Funny thing that back in those days people never did call things . . . disagreeable things . . . by their right names."

"I remember . . . but whatever could we have quarreled about? Do you remember, Tom?" Mary's brows were drawn in thought.

"Blest if I know. All I can recall is that you were furious at something I had done. I guess I was pretty mad, too. Then you flounced out of the house and went over to your Mother's. I remember I thought that the end of the world had happened for me. Mary, I've never asked before . . . What did you tell your Mother when you knocked at her door late that night?"

The gray eyes looked back over the years as Mary gently stroked the big hand so near. Blushing like a schoolgirl she stammered, "I remember telling Mother that you had a 'case' and that I was afraid to stay alone in the house."

For an instant Dr. Sanderson's eyes flamed with the fire of youth. "It's strange that neither of us can remember now what we quarreled about. That's the point I want to bring out."

"But we were so young, Tom," she expostulated.

"No younger than this Dolly Morris. Now that I think of it, Mary, I guess I can congratulate myself that we had our 'misunderstanding' before the days of Reno, divorces and alimony."

"Why Tom Sanderson. . . . You don't think for a moment I'd have run off and left you the way Dolly Morris left Paul?"

The Doctor nodded solemnly. "I do. In our days girls ran to their Mother's arms . . . now they rush to the protection of the courts."

The old man smiled whimsically. "Yes, Mary, I sure am a lucky man to be here to-night kicking off my new mules." There was a gentle thud as the slippers fell on the floor followed by the clicking of the electric switch as he turned off the light.

Mary's eyes, wide open now to the perils which might have been, stared unseeingly into the darkness until faint rumblings gave indication that her husband was dropping off into that first deep sleep which indicates an untroubled conscience. She tweaked the bedclothes gently. "Tom, wake up. When you see Dolly Morris to-morrow you tell her there will always be a room for her in this house."

The following morning Dolly Morris, her crisp organdie collar standing up bravely in the mid-August heat, raised questioning eyes to the kind blue ones looking at her from under bushy brows. "I'm just a sentimental old fool, Dolly," Dr. Sanderson confessed. "But I brought you into the world and since I started the job I'm going on with it even if I break the rule of a lifetime."

Dolly broke in breathlessly. "You mean you'll do what I ask? That you'll get me into Paul's department in the Sanitarium and not let him know until he walks into the room and finds me sitting up in the bed?"

"I mean I'm going to break the Eleventh Commandment, the only one that wasn't given to Moses—'Thou shalt mind thine own business.'"

Eyes shadowy with fatigue, holding tight the suitcase freshly stamped with the label of Reno's newest and biggest hotel, Dolly sank into the chair beside the Doc-

tor's desk. "I'm on the verge of a nervous collapse." Wearily she pulled off her hat, slim fingers mechanically patting the red gold curls into place. "I know Paul so well I have to resort to a trick like this. I'm so afraid he'll do something desperate now that I've left him. All I ask is five minutes alone with him."

"Five minutes will kill or cure?"

She nodded, too miserable to answer the Doctor's smile. "I've been frantic all the way home on the train, afraid he would be away on his vacation. When does it come this summer?"

Dr. Sanderson shot a startled glance at her. He opened a drawer and taking out a small notebook studied it a moment. "I'd say your timing is perfect, young lady. By rights, Paul should be leaving town to-day."

"To-day," she gasped.

The Doctor nodded. "But Dr. Humphreys received a cable from England that his father is dying. He's taking the fastest ship home so Paul will have to take his place at the Sanitarium."

Dolly knew how Paul would hate that. Once his plans were made he was impatient to be off.

The Doctor reached for his telephone. She listened, whitefaced, to the crisp tones coming in over the wire. "Sorry. I can't take another case. There isn't a bed in the Sanitarium and most of our regular doctors and nurses are away on vacation."

"So you're going to let me down, Daisy?" Dr. Sanderson grinned into the receiver.

"Why, Doctor Tom. I thought it was Dr. Anderson. Don't you know I always have a room for you? What do you want?"

"A private on Dr. Morris's floor. I'll send the patient right over. She's a nervous case so just put her to bed without asking her any questions, even her name. Remember. I'll give her a card so you can give her your personal attention. I'll be over after awhile. Be sure that Dr. Morris looks in to see my new patient on his morning rounds."

Dr. Sanderson put down the receiver. "Now I've gone and done it for sure." He smiled ruefully. "The rest, young lady, is up to you."

Dolly stood up. She was trembling. "I'm frightened. Suppose Paul gets cross and walks out on me?"

Sanderson grinned. "He can't. Rule of the hospital. Tuck yourself into one of those chiffon sheers you girls make a killing with and I'll be able to say 'I told you so' to my wife before night."

The hands of the noiseless electric clock silently pointed to ten o'clock as Dolly, eyes big from sleepless nights on the train, watched the door knob of her door in the room assigned to her in Dr. Morris's department of the Riverbank Sanitarium. Her head a swirl of burnished copper against the pillows, she waited patiently for that door knob to turn. Men's voices in the hall outside set her pulses throbbing.

If only Paul felt as she did now . . . that she had rushed headlong, blindly, into the biggest mistake of her life. Once she was on her way to Reno she had been too proud to turn back. Up to the last minute in the Riverbank railroad station she had been so confident, so sure, that Paul would arrive at the station and snatch her off the train. But nothing of the sort had happened. A tear fell unheeded now on the coverlet as Dolly saw in her

mind's eye her forlorn figure huddled in a corner of the Pullman seat Reno bound. She had been proud but evidently Paul had had his pride, too. . . .

Silently the door knob turned. The door opened. A girl about her own age dressed in nurse's uniform, stood in the doorway smiling at her. In spite of herself Dolly found herself answering the smile. Soft brown hair caught up into curls at the back, her cheeks vieing with the roses she held in her arms, the girl radiated happiness. "I just thought I'd bring our new patient some roses before I go off duty," she explained.

"Off duty?" Dolly asked. "I was hoping you were going to be assigned to me."

The nurse laughed. "No. I go off the floor in a quarter of an hour."

"I'm so sorry. Just seeing you look so happy made me feel better already. Wherever did you get that armful of gorgeous roses? There must be dozens of them."

The color deepened in the rounded cheek under the trim white cap. "The nurses gave them to me this morning. You see, I'm sailing this afternoon for Bermuda." Busily filling vases as she talked, she transformed the hospital room into a bower of roses. Selecting the largest and loveliest of them all, she tossed it onto the bed.

"Bermuda? For your vacation, I suppose." Absently Dolly picked up the rose. "Now, that's a place I've always wanted to visit." Maybe she could get Paul to take her there. "It must be wonderful for a honeymoon," she ventured shyly.

The nurse nodded, burying her face in the fragrant blooms. "Are you thinking of taking a honeymoon?" she smiled over at Dolly. "But oh, I forgot . . . we must ask no questions. . . ."

"That's all right," Dolly put in hastily. She glanced at the slim hand arranging the long stems. At the narrow gold band on the finger. So the nurse was married. And happy. Gloriously, thrillingly, radiantly happy.

"Guess it won't be safe to let Dr. Morris come in here."

"Why do you say that?" Dolly blurted out in confusion. Could it be that Dr. Sanderson had told her secret?

"You look such a picture holding that rose. Here he comes now." The nurse's cap, a blur of white in the doorway, was succeeded by Paul's sleek black head. Through a film of tears Dolly gazed up into his stern dark eyes. The glad light she had hoped to surprise in them was not evident. Only chagrin and consternation.

"Dolly! . . . Just what are you doing in that bed?"

"It was the only way I could get you to be nice to me after what I've done . . . You have to be polite to me . . . It's the rule of the hospital . . ." she hurried on.

"Just what are you talking about?" He walked over to the bed, eyes blazing. "Does this mean that you've changed your mind? What can you possibly want with a staid, small-town doctor like me?"

"Everything. Just everything, Paul. I must have been out of my mind to leave you. Why, I hadn't been on the train ten minutes when I was wishing myself back in your arms telling you how sorry I was. . . . And then, when I didn't hear from you, I was hurt. . . . And I thought something would happen to prevent the divorce going through until I actually got my decree. . . .

Then I realized it was too late. From your point of view it was too late. But fortunately not from mine. Being a Catholic I was still married to you. Oh, Paul, if you knew what a comfort that was to me all the hours on the train, rushing back to you, knowing that all that legal talk back there in Reno was only a fake, a nightmare . . . that nothing really could separate us . . ." She picked up his hand and covered it with kisses.

Paul held her eyes a long moment. Slowly he sank down onto the edge of the bed. "Sometimes one rash act like yours can completely change the ordinary course of two contented human beings. . . . And now, when it's too late. . . ."

"Too late? What do you mean?" Paul gently pulled his fingers free of the clinging hand.

"Paul Morris . . . what do you mean by 'too late'?" Dolly jerked out.

"Just that. It's too late. I'm through."

"But you can't be. According to the Catholic Church we're still man and wife."

"As you said, that holds for you but not for me." He stood up. "I'll have the nurse assigned to this floor look after you. It might be well for you to spend the night. . . . You look played out. . . ." His voice was kind. . . .

"But you're not going. There are so many things I want to talk over with you?" she pleaded in consternation.

"I'm sorry, Dolly, very sorry. Don't forget you were the one to leave me. . . . There is no need to prolong this interview. I'm just going away on my vacation."

"But I thought Dr. Humphreys was leaving you in charge," she stammered.

"His father died so he doesn't have to sail for England after all. Which gives me a bit of luck. . . ." His hands in his pockets he studied gravely the face on the pillow. "I want you to know there are no hard feelings of any kind, Dolly. I want you to remember that. And now I've got to go."

"Where are you going?" she asked, her voice husky with unshed tears.

"Bermuda."

The door opened. "Paging Dr. Morris." A familiar smile greeted them from the doorway. Somehow in that smile the nurse shed magically her professional dignity. "Will you tell the Doctor here that I'm right . . . that Bermuda is heaven on earth for honeymooners?"

In spite of himself Paul laughed. "I'll meet you downstairs in ten minutes, young lady." Softly he closed the door after her. He pulled out his watch, glancing at it and then back at the startled face on the pillow. "You see how it is. . . . No hard feelings, Dolly?"

Slowly she shook her head. Long after the door had closed after him she stared with unseeing eyes at the rose lying on the coverlet. Then one by one she pulled the petals until there was a little heap beside her.

A SILENT REVOLUTION

By Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B.

IN one of his recent Reports, Mr. Babson makes the following significant statement: "We all must watch our step if consumers ever become wise to their latent power and decide to become dictators in fact as they already are in theory. We say, and we say earnestly, that merchants who laugh off these consumers' crusades are sitting on dynamite." And again: "Potentially it [the consumers' coöperative movement] has enough votes, enough money, and enough economic soundness to split things wide open. As the leaders of such crusades well know, if consumers ever get organized and go into real action, our present retailing, wholesaling and producing systems might be blown to bits."

The statement is significant because it is a frank admission, by this prophet of the profit-seekers, of the tremendous and far-reaching possibilities of a well-organized consumers' coöperative movement. To be sure, the terminology used is somewhat misleading. It is a bit noisy, even suggestive of violent revolution. Mr. Babson speaks of "sitting on dynamite," of "blowing to bits," of "splitting things wide open." As a matter of fact, the cooperative movement is characterized by anything but violence. It goes about its work very quietly. It is in the nature of a silent revolution. While indeed revolutionary in character, it at the same time gives every reasonable promise that the danger of a violent social upheaval will be lessened quite in proportion to the effective realization of its own possibilities.

The Farmers' Union Central Exchange is an excellent object lesson in consumer coöperation and its revolutionary possibilities. Its development to one of the outstanding consumers' wholesale coöperatives in the United States is no less than spectacular. It has handled within a period of less than seven years 15,150 tank cars of gasoline, 4,326,810 gallons of lubricating oil, and 3,390,773 pounds of grease. During the same time, it has distributed nearly a half million dollars' worth of tires. It has a compounding plant worth $100,000 and a business turnover of money running into millions of dollars. Organized in 1927 as a subsidiary of the Farmers' Union Terminal Association, the Central Exchange's first venture was into the field of binder twine, a product used extensively by North Dakota farmers. During the first year of its operation, it brought about a striking reduction in the price of several million pounds of the twine, thereby saving the farmers thousands of dollars in their purchases and earning several thousand dollars in brokerage. This first success encouraged the co-op to enter new fields. During its second year it began in a small way to distribute lubricating oil in drums, and coal, salt, flour, and feed in car lots. Here again the farmers made savings and the Exchange, acting as wholesalers, earned brokerage. Success in handling lubricating oil by direct shipments led to a demand

for a definite oil program and already in the fall of 1928 the Central Exchange sponsored the formation of the Farmers' Union Oil Companies. The following year the first of these started to conduct business and by the end of that year twenty affiliated companies were in operation. To-day a total of 227 Farmers' Union bulk oil associations dot the landscape in the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Montana, and many times that number of filling stations are served from the bulk stations. A total of nearly a thousand trucks delivers gas and oil to farmers from the 227 oil associations. It is said that one can drive from Madison, Wis., to the western border of Montana and find no difficulty in replenishing one's car with Farmers' Union oil and gasoline. In the State of North Dakota the Farmers' Union Central Exchange leads in the rural distribution of gas and oil, and if the cities are included, it holds second place as a State-wide distributor. Out of a total of 55,000,000 gallons of gasoline, kerosene and tractor fuel sold in 88 North Dakota towns, the coöperatives sold 17,000,000 gallons. The average co-op plant sold 195,000 gallons in 1934 compared to 98,000 gallons average per plant for the largest private company. It is no small revolution in oil.

But the foregoing example by no means tells the whole story of the silent revolution in oil. In fact, there are now 2,000 gas and oil cooperatives in the United States. Over $30,000,000 worth of petroleum products were sold by farmers' coöperatives in 1934. And the profits do not flow into the treasuries of the few. They flow into the pockets of the many who make up the membership of the coöperatives. About $8,000,000 a year now go to them in patronage dividends.

It should hardly be surprising that coöperatives have made progress handling gas and oil. It is estimated that half the filling stations of private companies would be sufficient to render adequate service. Having twice the number necessary naturally means an unduly expensive distribution of these products. Moreover, the gas stations of the big companies all represent large investments—commonly $10,000 and upwards. The plants of the co-ops, on the other hand, are less highly capitalized. They carry no bonded indebtedness. Expansion is financed out of the portion of the surplus earnings not mentioned to members. It would not be surprising, therefore, if they would eventually boycott many of the privately owned stations out of existence.

So, too, has the coöperative revolution effectively spread into other fields. In Indiana and Ohio, for example, one finds a coöperative development that has revolutionized the fertilizer and feed business. Again, the Coöperative Grange League Federation Exchange, Inc., in 1935 served some 100,000 patrons in New York, northern Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and distributed during the year ending June 30, 1935, feed, seed, fertilizer, and other farm supplies having a wholesale value of $24,000,000.

Perhaps the most successful rural coöperatives in this country are Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. Already in 1916 there were 2,000 of them. They carry a total amount of insurance exceeding $5,250,000,000. The Country Life Insurance Company, a coöperative with headquarters at Chicago, in

the first 50 months of its existence wrote $50,000,000 worth of policies. To-day it is carrying over $70,000,000 in policies. Coöperative auto insurance is at present enjoying rapid growth, notably in Ohio and neighboring States. In the few years of its existence, the Ohio coöperative automobile insurance company has built up assets of $4,000,000. It now has 160,000 policyholders and is rated with the first ten automobile insurance companies in the country.

Examples of more recent coöperative developments are: power lines for rural electrification; recreation projects; mutual associations for medical aid and for burial purposes. Nor do these exhaust the list. New fields are being opened constantly.

In not a few instances individual operators or members of chain stores have had to pull up stakes in the face of consumers' coöperative competition. Thus in Cloquet, Minn., a coöperative store organized in 1924, within a few years absorbed a farmer's union store which was not a true co-op and caused local units of two big chain stores to withdraw. The latter result will hardly be surprising when it is realized that the average operating margin for the co-op stores, of which Cloquet is an example, is 12 per cent as against the chain store average of 17 per cent.

Not dissimilar were the results in the case of the Central Coöperative Wholesale. Born in 1917 under rather unfavorable circumstances this coöperative, while still a weak struggling babe, was refused credit by the largest wholesale house in Superior, Wis. A few years later, it turned tables on the latter. It had to refuse the Superior wholesaler credit. Shortly afterwards, Central bought out the other at a bankruptcy sale.

To cite one more example, when the Brule Coöperative Society organized a store at Brule, Wis., two other stores were already there. One of these has since gone bankrupt and the owner of the other has moved out. Meanwhile, the co-op continues to flourish. It recently moved into better quarters. In the past fourteen years it has paid back $35,000 in dividends to its patrons.

Perhaps it is results such as the above that make Mr. Babson talk a bit emphatically, and not without foreboding, when he refers to the coöperative movement. Some results have indeed been revolutionary. And potential results are unquestionably even more so. Consumers' coöperatives in the United States to-day have a membership of 1,800,000 and are doing a nonprofit business of about $1,000,000 a day. They are rapidly gaining momentum.

Besides consumers' coöperatives there are also marketing and credit co-op associations in this country. Like the consumers' coöperatives, the marketing associations have particularly made headway among farmers. The latter own and control 12,000 of these coöperatives with a total membership of more than 3,000,000. Through them farmers are gradually controlling a greater and greater volume of their products as they move through marketing channels to the processor and ultimate consumer. Half of the 12,000 marketing coöperators serve at the same time as purchasing organizations for their members. Land o' Lakes Creameries, Inc., for instance, a coöperative whose chief business is the manufacturing and

selling of butter for its dairy farmer members, bought for its members feed, creamery machinery, and other supplies valued at over $2,000,000 in 1934. The Washington Coöperative Egg and Poultry Association of Seattle, Wash., bought over $5,000,000 worth of feed for its members the same year. This type of coöperative, which functions in the fields of both buying and selling, is particularly desirable.

Credit coöperatives are also beginning to enjoy an appreciable growth in the United States to-day. This is particularly true of the coöperatives for short term loans known as Credit Unions. The latter seem destined to take over that field of credit which the bankers have in the past left to the loan sharks. They are developing into a very significant institution and are coming rapidly to play an important rôle in the silent revolution that is changing our social order. To date, they have made much more headway in the city than in the country.

The theory and practice of coöperation is relatively simple. In general, a coöperative society may be defined as a group of people who band themselves together to make or to buy something they need for themselves, or to pool their resources for credit purposes. Not infrequently the organization originates in some such way as the following: A group of friends or neighbors get together to discuss the possibility of making some of their ordinary purchases together. The most common article of consumption is selected and the organization is built around it. As the membership grows, mass purchasing power leads to wholesale buying on an increasingly large scale. This in turn may lead on to still further developments. It must be noted, however, that not all coöperatives follow the same line of development. Some remain entirely local in character; others extend over large areas. Some make only intermittent purchases; others are a continuing business, handling a considerable variety of goods. Some require their members to come to a railroad siding to pick up their goods; others have great warehouses and stores and a delivery service. There is almost untold variety.

Mr. Babson admits that the coöperative movement "has certain elements which are fundamentally sound" and also that it "has something of truth and crusading quality almost like a spiritual revival." We would state the case much more strongly. Indeed it can be said unhesitatingly that coöperatives are essentially sound and that they are infinitely more Christian than is the method of the modern profit-seeker, cutthroat competition. Reference is, of course, made here to genuine coöperatives. That means—in the case of consumers' coöperatives—the observance of fundamentals such as the following: (1) that capital is secured by sale of shares to members; (2) that a fixed rate of interest is paid on the investment in the capital stock; (3) that each member has but one vote in determining the policies of management, regardless of the amount of his investment; (4) that sales or services made by the society are charged at competitive prices, thereby avoiding disastrous price wars with commercial competitors; (5) that members participate in the net earnings of the coöperative in proportion to their purchases from the society. Coöperatives based on these principles—in the main, the so-called

Rochdale principles—have now been tried over a long period of years. They are no longer experimental. They have been proved entirely practical and economically sound. Furthermore, they have shown conclusively that a group of people can accomplish much more for their own advantage by working together than they can by acting separately.

Coöperation gives not a little promise of eliminating the more glaring abuses, such as waste and the gouging of the consumer that characterize our present system. More particularly will this be true as coöperation moves from the consumers' field back into production. Prices will then tend more and more to represent actual cost rather than monopoly manipulation, return on watered stock or pyramided profits. The coöperative members or owners have every reason to see that their business is run efficiently, for each has a stake in it. At the same time, they have no reason to try to bid up prices, for they are both buyers and sellers. To be sure, the extent to which the coöperative benefits will be realized will depend upon the growth of the whole movement. The more far-reaching its development, the less extensive will be the fields which the directors of industrial and commercial enterprises will be able to exploit for the purpose of rolling up great fortunes, the more limited will be the opportunities for the leaders of business to use for the purpose of extracting unjust profits out of the employment of labor or out of the sale of commodities.

A particularly noteworthy feature of coöperative enterprise is its characteristic of self-help. Coöperation represents the democratic way of pulling ourselves out of trouble. It is organized on the basis of self-help and mutual aid and seeks to foster self-reliance rather than to create dependence. It makes for inner control rather than for control from without. It seeks to manage without recourse to the proposals of partisan politicians, of speculators, and of selfish business men. And it is largely on the basis of this that it promises to be effective. Leaning heavily on the government, or looking elsewhere for assistance, has not eliminated the abuses of competition. Even at the depth of the depression the speculative system was modified but little. Some agencies of control were perhaps made a trifle more effective and some of the more obvious abuses and the more intolerable injustices were checked. But, all in all, the framework of the system remained. Our traditional freedom of enterprise and right of profit-making were but little abridged. The coöperative movement gives promise of different results. It promises definitely to check the injustices of cutthroat competition. And it promises to do so without destroying the natural or constitutional rights of the individual.

In Europe the coöperative plan has been functioning with a noteworthy measure of success for almost a century. Particularly has it made progress in England, Belgium, Holland and in the Scandinavian countries. In these lands there are large sections in which fully half of the retail volume of trade is now being handled by coöperatives. Furthermore, there is rapid expansion into the fields of wholesaling and production. At the present time European countries are giving a renewed impetus to the entire cooperative movement.

In the United States genuinely successful coöperatives on a considerable scale are much more recent. In fact, only with the depression did the coöperative movement really take hold in this country. Before that time we built too hurriedly, too recklessly. We built without proper preparation. Moreover, we followed "big business" methods. The results were often only too disappointing. But since the beginning of the depression we have been building from the ground up. We have studied our past failures. We have stuck to Rochdale principles. And the change has brought promising results. Cooperatives to-day are making genuine progress. Consumers and producers are becoming increasingly "wise to their latent power." They are making ever wider inroads into the domains of profit-making business. There is no evidence of "blowing to bits" the present system, but there is increasing evidence of supplanting it quietly with another. The silent revolution is moving steadily forward.

IN A SUSSEX LANE

By Charles G. Mortimer

ONCE, as I wandered in a Sussex lane,
And worn with pain
Of heart and brain,
I asked God for a sign—to show
That He could truly know
My secret woe:—
I begged Him for a sign, and lo!
Three signs He gave me.
First, in that same hour,
I spied a flower,
A little laughing flower with cap and bells:
Next, as I passed,
A fieldmouse scurried o'er the road
Incredibly small and lithe and fast,—
Found covert in the hedge—was gone;—
And last, a butterfly,
A shining elf that hovered in my view
Rose like a flake of blue
Skyward . . . and well I knew
That God had heard me, stooping low
To my poor ignorance,—yet even so
Through earth the mighty challenge rang
And the Heavens sang.

BIRDS IN JUNE

By James W. Lane

"THERE is always a cuckoo that stays out later than the other cuckoos."

So wrote Robert Lynd as he sat feverishly trying to commence an essay on June in England. Here in America, if one writes on birds in June, most cuckoos (which are another kettle of fish from the English breed) stay out equally late—out of sight, that is. One rarely sees them in June at all, and, as June draws to a close, one is only just beginning to hear the loud but not harsh chatter that has given them the local name of "rain crow." So, with an American June cuckoos are not at all synonymous, whatever may be the case in England, where they are both sweeter-throated and more burglarious.

Burglar-birds seem almost commoner in the older continents, a fact that, I am sure, Mr. Hearst's newspapers could twist into some sort of homily on European and Asiatic decadence. Such lazy, deceptive parasites, plumping their eggs into other birds' nests, are not only the cuckoo but the weaver bird, now said to be the far-off cousin of the house sparrow. So we know at last whence come the latter's pestiferous qualities. On this side of the Atlantic we have fewer avian parasites. But there is one gross offender, the cowbird. He has changed the lives and habits of what a multitude of birds! The vireo now waits until the nesting season is half over before building, so afraid he is of the big black plague. The yellow warbler, that has only too often been the dupe, has at last learned to cover over the cowbird's egg with a false bottom to the nest. One, thinking that an empty nest were thus but revealed to Mrs. Cowbird, might assume that she would keep on depositing eggs until she had visible proof they were in the nest. But, at that, the stock of cowbirddom seldom falls.

This year I watched the conclusion of the cycle. In an arbor by the dining-room window a bird as large as an oriole has been squawking for the past week—it is the last one in June, too. Sometimes the squawking goes on for five or ten minutes as the bird, certainly big enough to know better, sits like a bump on a log. Then, suddenly, from the wide open places comes a brown form flying. It alights near the cowbird. The cowbird cheeps, opens its mouth, flutters its wings, and is fed. I look closer. Why, it is being fed by a mite of a bird half its size! A song sparrow! And as I turn away, I see the sparrow alight on the lawn, trying to go about its own affairs, only to be followed, as by its shadow, by that persistent, unshakable, twittering giant! Not being the song sparrow, I can be amused at the sight.

The cowbird has at least one merit, however, besides tameness and a gorgeous male plumage. He obviously does not take life too seriously. There are birds—and here again I have my own little experience to proffer—that seem conscience-stricken and, very unlike the cowbird, build nests all over the

place. At first one thinks of this as a fascinating trait of the industrious little house wren. But a time comes when the habit (one wonders how it developed) gets slightly nauseating to the bird-lover. He sees his pet crannies, the delicately carved capitals on his pillars, given up to crammings of dry, unpliant twigs, liberally sprinkled with cocoons. A fearless little wren works all day putting this rude scaffolding in place and then disappears, like as not for ever. Rarely does his mate come and brood on a clutch of eggs. She is raising her family in another nest, doubtless far off—or she is only a hypothetical "she," and all the wrens on the premises are males.

That is why these nests are called "cock-nests." The male is either unmated or hopes that by building again while his Jenny is incubating her eggs on the real nest, another Jenny may come along and take the "cock-nest." Or Jenny No. 1 may raise family No. 2 in it. Or, so it is said, some Johnny wrens are just perennial bachelors who, after furious labor, like to have apartments of their own to retire to, the *rentiers!* No sooner had I erected a gourd for wrens than the thing was full of sticks but no wrens. Last year a wren was nesting at the beginning of September when most other birds, young and old, had gone or were preparing to go South for the winter. But perhaps the wren, too, is afraid of the cowbird!

June is a much quieter month, musicwise, than May. Towards the end, most birds, which have a good repertory of songs up, or rather down, their throats, have somewhat modified them. The Baltimore oriole is reduced to a few inconspicuous single whistles, much less commanding than the ones he shouted at his arrival the first week of May. The orchard oriole keeps up his efforts until the first fortnight of July, singing bravely but sadly, and then they are snuffed out completely and he also disappears. In my experience only the flycatchers—phœbes, chebecs, and pewees—are thoroughly loquacious during June. I mustn't forget wrens and warblers like the yellow-throat. They all keep up pretty well, but an attentive ear, I think, can discern in June a slackening, both in volume and in length, in the tunes of field sparrow, robin, brown thrasher, *et al.*

After all, summer is now on and heat paralyzes the birds. If you were to expose most nests to direct sun-rays, the inmates would die. The martins that inhabit birdhouses anyway don't care and like hot weather best for nesting, while cold depresses their very warble out of them. But as the days grow hotter, your most persistent singers will be those who can best keep to the leafy shade—vireos, thrushes, warblers, and scarlet tanagers. You will not see so much of the birds, either. Domestic duties absorb them in June, but you will notice ever-increasing flocks of dun-colored birds, starlings of the year, that go sweeping into a cultivated field and swish out of it to a bird if you pass by noisily. Just as their parents were among the first nesters, so the young are—sad note of fall—among the first flockers.

There is never a starling that stays out later than the other starlings!

CONVERSATIONS WITH JOHN LaFARGE

By Viola Roseboro'

I RECORD here fragments of the talk I heard through a number of years from LaFarge, the great painter, the centennial of whose birth has just been celebrated at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, by a distinguished exhibition of his work. My memory of what impressed me is exceptional; little things LaFarge said were made impressive because of a pervading intellectual power, and is reenforced here by old records. He had to be definitely on the watch to keep stenographers in his employ from taking him down when he was not looking, so to say, for all sorts of people were amazingly entertained by his famous talk though often you might have thought it caviar to the general. But he was explicitly indifferent as to being quoted after his death. I shall start with a bit of mere gossip, for everyone is dead now who once would have made it too amusing to the stenographer.

He had been talking of the Gardner pictures in Boston, and then of Mrs. Gardner, their famous collector. "I introduced Jaccaci to her," he said, "and I am interested in what he is trying to write about those paintings, but we have been coerced into making ourselves rather absurd; she allows us to mention the royal Stuarts or to refer to work of their time as such only on condition that we spell the name S-t-e-w-a-r-t. S-t-e-w-a-r-t was her maiden name! There is nothing to be done about it—we are not permitted to explain or refer to our seeming illiteracy in any way."

Something led him to speak of how race more than time and place might qualify artistic feeling and power. And he told with that muted gayety of his about unique gifts he found in the South Sea Islanders, the gayety coming from his pleasure in the fresh observation of unnoted human gifts, Polynesians' gifts,—and any good talk was apt quietly to exhilarate him. "I never knew anything like it among white men," he said; "these people would gather about me when I would be laying in a landscape and they would cry out to each other with enthusiastic pleasure that I was going to paint that pool or this beach, and all I would have down would be a few lines indicating the lay of the land, nothing that would mean anything among us except to trained painters—and one could not always be sure of them. And these people are not accustomed to even looking at pictures, have no pictorial art of their own; music, dress and dancing being their arts. The only picture-making I ever saw in the islands was when in her play a ten-year-old little girl drew fish with a stick on the sandy beach, and wonderfully good synthetic sketches they were."

His profound delight in the South Sea Islands and Islanders as he found them nearly fifty years ago did not lead him into condemning all missionary effort and laying all decline in racial vigor to contact

with the whites; like Stevenson he recognized that there were Polynesian races that had begun to die out before Captain Cook came, and that dark and terrible features had marked a life that looked so pretty it started Rousseau and the eighteenth century on a baseless belief in the morals of the Natural Man. But there are no other tributes in the English language to South Sea graces, not Melville's even, that say so much to me as LaFarge's, and here is a word from his talk that is as magically suggestive as anything he published.

Telling of his first sight of the siva dance, he said, "The next day I was still in the dream of it. I was for keeping to myself, and I fancied that my susceptibility was exceptional in that society of adventurers and wayfarers, that it was an artist's way of feeling," but no, he presently discovered that his abstraction was sympathetically understood by his acquaintances, it was a state that had been noted before, and one old sea-dog told him in a hushed sort of way how *he* had felt after his first siva!

He had a contempt for artistic pretensions that scorned people in general, "The idea that great art is only for artists and æsthetes is a snobbishness that could only be found in an inartistic time and place." And he had also a notably frank intolerance of any pronouncements from Tom, Dick and Harry as to what was good and bad in pictures; he thought it the admirable thing for them to know "what they liked," and if they told him they liked something of his he would meet them probably with some gracious suggestion as to his desire to give pleasure; but if they gave any verdicts as to merits or demerits, they were in for some instruction in one tone or another as to what they did not know. To know what they liked was the only superiority open to the ignorant, and not such a familiar one either, since copy-cats are so common.

When a discreet visitor qualified an enthusiasm for Stevenson (characteristic of the time) by saying that his devotion might be because Stevenson was not so very great but nearer his own size, LaFarge welcomed this modesty with emphatic approval—that was the way to think about it, and one gathered that beside the modesty he also endorsed the idea that Stevenson was not the biggest thing that ever happened; it would be like him to think now that R. L. S. was suffering from an inevitable and unjust reaction and from the post-War spirit of the time.

Once when some one marveled at Antwerp's stupidity—a town full of good pictures and good painters—in scorning and neglecting Rembrandt in his old age, LaFarge grew more than serious, the thought of that end hurt him, but he was emphatic that there was nothing strange about it; men being what they are the greater the artist the greater the chance against his contemporaries getting his measure, and it might very well happen that they would not like him—since he was *not* their size. "It is only within fifty years," he said, speaking forty-odd years ago, "that Rembrandt has taken his place as an artist unrivaled among great painters." But he recalled how there were always some people right there in Antwerp who through all the detraction and at the lowest ebb of Rembrandt's fortunes knew him for something like what he was.

LaFarge's gratitude to them glowed like a living thing as he spoke of that, though these feelings lay well below the quiet words. He went on to identify the greatness of the man with the greatness of the artist, though he was so far from the Ruskinian simplicity in tying up good painting with proper morals that the mention of that idea divided his emotions between mirth and wrath, wrath growing hot over the deadly harm it had done to art and artists.

Something like that personal pang he showed at the thought of Rembrandt's old age he always betrayed when the talk turned on the neglect-born hardships of any real painter big or less. Always he quivered or winced with sympathy.

Now the talk of Rembrandt ended on a little story he told of his Japanese friend, Okakura, and again his eyes brightened with what I call muted gayety. Mr. Okakura had come to America on the ship that brought LaFarge home from Japan, and this was the Japanese gentleman's first contact with the Occident. Of Occidental art he knew nothing though a distinguished connoisseur of his own country's. It was shortly after they reached New York together that Okakura sat in the big studio on Tenth Street tranquilly looking over a portfolio of prints and etchings while LaFarge painted; but his tranquillity ended in an abrupt outcry of real excitement, and he was on his feet exclaiming over the greatness of something in his hand, something among these strange pictures that he understood and acclaimed with assurance: "It was a Rembrandt etching!" and LaFarge triumphed charmingly,—for Okakura, who had never so much as heard the immortal name, for the etcher's power, and because every tribute to any great art delighted him.

He told another time of another outcry from Okakura, generally you understand, a typically so very quiet Japanese gentleman, and also typical, I understood, in balancing his conventional suppressions with these violent releases of emotion on occasions justifying them—they being also conventionally permitted. This time he was examining a lacquered Japanese cabinet, and, pulling out a little drawer he got an odor that set him off as the unexpected blare of the *"Marseillaise"* might stir a far-wandering Frenchman, and he explained that this was a perfume consecrated to martial occasions and emotions; wife or mistress buckling armor or putting on plumed helmet sprinkled and thrilled husband or lover with it, and he called on LaFarge to share his excitement at such an uplifting and stirringly martial smell.

LaFarge never contemplated a foreign people without seeing that their queerest doings grew out of the same human roots that fed some of our ways, and of course now it needed only a word, his kind of word, to show how it was rather queer we had no such formulated ritual for exciting emotions by smells when our literature makes so much of smells in waking memories and feelings ("Smells are surer than sound or sight to make our heart-strings crack"); but we happened to take another turning and depend on music to wake the ardor of fighting men.

Distinguished visiting Frenchmen always sought out LaFarge,

and I recall talk about Bartholdi, the sculptor of "Liberty Enlightening the World" in our New York harbor, and I am glad to record LaFarge's verdict on a statue that is peculiarly subject to the slings and arrows of smart-Alecs. LaFarge felt that Bartholdi had made a notable success in creating a colossal figure that was respectable. "Respectable" was rather a favorite term of tribute with him, and he did not give his respect lightly; for instance the Dewey Arch that was later perpetrated at the Fifth Avenue entrance to Washington Square he did not respect, finding that it was not adapted for an outdoor light, but that the figures as well as other details showed that they came out of studios; and he told how Awaki, his Japanese valet, remarked on its improved appearance on one overclouded day when clear horizons made the illumination more like the light of a room. He saw the Liberty as fundamentally successful in being born big, not being a little figure arbitrarily enlarged to colossal measurements.

Of the sculptor personally he said, "He is not exactly an imposing person, but he has the intelligence of a Jew and of a Frenchman," and told instances of his uncommon artistic discernments. And he grew sympathetically merry over the cable Bartholdi sent every day to his old mother in France.

"O no, no," he cried, "you can't possibly appreciate that, though you may think you do. But you don't know France well enough to even glimpse the monstrous, the mad extravagance of it when for simple sentiment a Frenchman cables from New York to France every day. No mere American could ever take the measure of it."

Apropos of something I had written of the Whitelaw Reid music room decorations (shown at the recent memorial exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum); he reproached me for not having shown it to him, saying, "I have a kindly feeling about anything you may do, because, aside from any question of praise or blame you always treat me as somebody expressing something, some one who aims to express something, not as a juggler coming before the public to perform tricks. Your tone allows me to keep my self-respect; it assumes that the man must be bigger than his work."

The origin of his special work in glass lay in this very conviction as to the depth and vitality of the relation of the artist to any art worth the name.

In 1873 he was abroad, and it happened that in a little talk with Burne-Jones that painter complained of the way in which his designs for glass were carried out, the way they were executed by the commercial firm who did the work of turning his pictures into windows. LaFarge suggested that the fault was fundamental, that a commercial firm could not by the hands of workmen adequately interpret an artist.

"The last man who works on your window stamps it with his personality; his commonplaceness, or worse, is what he must put into your idea, more or less."

The talk, especially one would say the part he had been stimulated to take in it, stuck in his mind. Had it not turned on one of the blighting heresies of modern art, seen in nearly all our architecture and decoration, the notion that one man could design and anyone could

embody his artistic idea? When the truth is that in art, execution is creation, that art exists only as it is executed and that when one man designs and another man does the work both create and the result must express both minds, be like a composite photograph of both. Such work may be a desirable thing, but surely only when both are artists, and sympathetic artists. It was in rebellion against this popular heresy that LaFarge was moved to work in glass himself, and to do it in the old personal way, taking each step himself, as far as might be in an art so weighted with complicated and ponderous mechanical necessities. He was supremely a colorist, and here, on the personally artistic side of the question, was a supreme field for color. On his return to America he began his first window.

Just one of the overwhelming difficulties of the situation was the need of proper glass. For months he haunted all sorts of glass factories, and it was in one that he stumbled, the stumble of genius, upon his famous opal glass. He saw a quantity of little toilet boxes and jars that were rejected as unmarketable; they had been intended to imitate porcelain, but some accident had made the glass slightly iridescent instead of pure white; the artist's eye was caught, were there not great possibilities in this misbegotten material? He bought the cartload of powder boxes and cream pots, and then had them cut into such pieces, necessarily very small, as they afforded, for his purposes. The result was of the greatest importance; the new glass was not only very beautiful in itself, it met certain needs as a harmonizing medium between colors, needs artistically perceived and scientifically understood by the artist, and that other workers in glass were quick to recognize, so that opal glass after the kind discovered in the tradesman's spoiled goods, has become a feature of modern stained windows and screens; of the bad as well as the good, alas.

His next find was at a place where glass for cheap jewelry was made; it was molded in long canelike sticks, and some of these LaFarge had melted down and rolled into sheets; the result in one case was a new color that is now made by manufacturers, "and it is known to this day in the trade," said he, "by the idiotic name of 'stick purple.'"

After a time he had so far educated the commercial manufacturers that from various motives of convenience he gave up glass-making, but of course to make his own must always be his ideal, and while working on the famous Peacock Window he quoted his foreman who had been with him almost from the beginning, as saying sadly, "Ah, Mr. LaFarge, we will never get what we want again till we go back to making it ourselves."

Of an immense window of the Ascension built (of all things) for the Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago, it was lamented that so much loveliness must be lost when it was in its high far-off place in the wall; and LaFarge answered with a word bringing out another of those subtleties that like the influence of every hand that touches it inhere in a work of art; said he:

"Yes, a great deal will be lost. Nothing is very good unless much is lost in one way or another. All such richness goes on taking some effect on us."

MODERN ENGLISH POETRY

By Barbara Barclay Carter

CONTEMPORARY English poetry, the vanguard of which is represented by three young men, Auden, Spender and Lewis, owes much, in respect of technique, to Gerard Manley Hopkins, the Jesuit poet of the last century, and much also to Wilfred Owen, who was killed in the War before his high promise could be wholly fulfilled. But no one has had such a potent and permanent influence on its development as T. S. Eliot, the American poet who since the War has made England his home.

In 1922, Eliot published *The Waste Land*. It awoke a storm of criticism and an equally impassioned admiration. Eliot, who had learned the essentials of his poetic craft from the French Symbolists, and especially from Laforgue and Rimbaud, appeared as one of those ultra-modern poets whose work seems willfully unintelligible to minds not yet attuned to the allusive and a-logical process of modern poetic expression. There are indeed many modern poets who make a cult of obscurity, relying to excess on the free association of the subconscious, and deliberately cultivating the irrational at the expense of the rational. Eliot is not one of these. His innovations and subtleties are the fruit of a genuine and difficult quest for sincerity of expression, an attempt to render justly and adequately the complex and often obscure reactions of the soul to the complexity and uncertainty of modern life.

"Our civilisation," he has written (he is also one of our leading critics), "comprehends great variety and complexity, and this variety and complexity, playing upon a refined sensibility, must produce various and complex results. The poet must become more and more comprehensive, more allusive, more indirect, in order to force, to dislocate if necessary, language into his meaning." With this passage we may compare a passage in a recent essay by the noted French critic, Louis Gillet, who declares that "taken as a whole, the special task of contemporary poetry, above all since Rimbaud, has been precisely to break away from the logical and rigid forms of thought, to shatter the framework of reason, so as to reveal, beneath this dislocated shell, the original course of inward life."

Poetry thus conceived is inevitably difficult. *The Waste Land* is not an easy poem to understand. Its impressionistic method brings to mind the music of Debussy and Ravel; themes weave in and out like musical *motifs*, with apparent disregard of logical sequence, though leaving a conviction of a rigorous inner logic shaping the poem into unity. It is, too, a mosaic of literary allusions, comprehensible only to those who possess their full share of the heritage of European culture, while the significance of many references—and this is surely a weakness—would be overlooked but for an appendix of

notes which act as signposts. None the less, its influence was immediate and immense—partly because it possesses the incantatory power of all great poetry, which works on the reader even before he seizes its full meaning; partly because of its superb technical mastery, a delicacy of ear which enables Eliot to write pure poetry even while carrying to its completion an already potent tendency to eschew poetic diction and to use the language of daily speech, even, on occasion, the language of the gutter; but above all because in it Eliot speaks as the voice of the post-War world, with its unrest and disillusion, its mistrust of rhetoric, its incapacity for affirmation, its obscure yearning for spiritual life.

The underlying theme, from which the poem takes its title, is the old legend from the Arthurian Cycle, of the Waste Land ruled by the Fisher King, which could only recover its fruitfulness with the coming of the Knight of the Holy Graal. That for which the King fished was the Fish of Life, and the Quest of the Graal the quest of the soul for God. To Eliot the Waste Land is the world; throughout the ages men have had the same follies, the same yearnings, but all has grown petty and sordid and sterile. This idea he expresses by allusive pictures related only by an inner significance, and in which often an oblique reference, or a line taken entire from some great poet of the past, gives an effect of sudden illumination, a telescoping of time, so that the picture assumes universal import, as though the story of humanity were caught up in a single knot. We hear empty chatter somewhere in Central Europe: then the poet's question:

"What are the roots that clutch,
what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of
man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you
know only
A heap of broken images, where
the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter,
the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of
water. . . ."

Of such "broken images" the poem is made.

"Unreal City
Under the brown fog of a winter
dawn,
A crowd flowed over London
Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many."

There is here an echo of Baudelaire's:

"Fourmillante cité, cité pleine de reves,
Ou le spectre en plein jour raccroche le passant."

But the last line is Dante's:

"si lunga tratta di gente, ch'io non avereri creduto che morte tanta n'avesse disfatta."

By its introduction, the crowd on London Bridge has become one with the crowd of ghosts in the ante-Inferno.

In Section II., a queen sits on a burnished throne, surrounded by sensuous delights; she is Dido, and Cleopatra and the Harlot of Babylon, till, as on the cinema, one face melts into another, and we hear the voice of a modern society woman,

complaining of her nerves, asking restlessly, "What shall I do now? . . . What shall we ever do?"

"The hot water at ten.
And if it rains, a closed car at four.
And we shall play a game of chess,
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock at the door."

And now two women of the people in a tavern discuss their little miseries, the drugs that produce childlessness—the sterility of the Waste Land under yet another aspect — while the tavern-keeper's trivial warning: "Hurry up please its time!" announcing the approach of his hour of closing, acquires, with repetition, like the "knock at the door" of the earlier picture, the ominous significance of a *memento mori*. Eliot indeed excels in charging commonplace phrases with momentous meaning.

It is with images of decay and death that the third and central section of the poem opens, to culminate in a stammered fragment from St. Augustine, "To Carthage then I came" ("to Carthage then I came, where a cauldron of unholy loves sang all about mine ears"), and an equally fragmentary echo of Buddha's Fire-Sermon against the lusts of the flesh; a deliberate collocation of the representatives of the asceticism of East and West. These and other allusions have the effect of overtones in music, moving in contrapuntal and basic pattern, which, while their understanding is not essential, deepen and enrich the significance to those who perceive them.

"While I was fishing in the dull canal
On a winter evening round behind the gashouse
Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
And on the king my father's death before him. . . ."

By the last two lines the prosaic figure of the fisher is transfigured, overshadowed by the legendary Fisher King and by Shakespeare's Ferdinand when he believes he has lost all, not knowing himself destined to inherit a "brave new world." Sappho's "violet hour" brings the typist home to her sordid room. A vulgar intrigue is seen through the eyes of Tiresias,

"I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
And walked among the lowest of the dead . . ."

(Tiresias, Eliot explains in a note, is the unifying consciousness behind the poem; all the men are one man, all the women one woman, and in him the two sexes meet.)

What hope has Eliot to offer to the Waste Land? The fourth section, lyrical and beautiful, deals again with death; "Phlebas the Phœnician" lies under the sea; there is only death for those whose goal is traffic. But the questing soul struggles on, through horrors of waterless waste, through nightmare images of destruction, inspired by the collapse of Central Europe, to the Chapel Perilous. It is empty, "only the wind's home," but as he reaches it, a gust of wind brings the first drops of revivifying rain. The poem culminates, with extraordinary power, in the voice of the thunder, speaking as in an Indian legend: *Da, Datta; Da Dayadhvam; Da Dampata*—give, sym-

pathize, control. Give: All life's value lies in "the awful daring of a moment's surrender." Sympathize: But each man is a prisoner in the world of his own thoughts. Control: Why was not Tristram's heart obedient as the ship to the helmsman's hand?

The Fisher sits, seeking the fish of spiritual life, with the arid plain behind him in a crumbling world. All he has saved are fragments. But in the voice of the thunder comes a promise of peace.

The Waste Land is a poem of disillusionment and uncertainty; not idly did Eliot set as preface to it the words of the Cumæan Sybil, who, asked what she wished, answered that she wished to die. Because of its immense influence, as regards both substance and technique, I have analyzed it more or less in detail. Though open to obvious criticisms, it is truly a great poem. For its underlying theme may be summed up in St. Augustine's famous words: "Thou madest me for Thyself, and my heart is restless until it repose in Thee," recalling to mind also Pascal's moment of revelation (in which he echoes St. Bernard), *"Tu ne me chercherais pas si tu ne m'avais pas trouvé."* Though in *The Waste Land* the Christian *motif* is set on the same plane as the teachings of the East, one is left with the impression that the sap of faith is rising, to find its flowering eight years later in the exquisite sequence of *Ash Wednesday*. Tentative, impressionistic, *Ash Wednesday* is a meditation and a prayer; its overtones of allusion are from the liturgy—the Ave Maria, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, the Good Friday Reproaches. It is nowhere explicit, but as though through a luminous mist we catch glimpses of a garden, reminding us of those pictures of Filippino Lippi or Fra Angelico where the Madonna sits surrounded by flowers. Into such a garden has Eliot come from the Waste Land.

In the meantime, his thought had undergone a notable evolution, leading him to an explicit profession of Christian and Catholic faith, in its Anglo-Catholic form. His writings have become definitely Catholic in inspiration, nourished not only by the seventeenth-century Anglican theologians, in whom a great part of Catholic theology had remained intact, but also by the great Catholic theologians of before the Reformation, notably St. Thomas and the Victorines. This religious evolution has profoundly affected his outlook on literature. In his collection of critical essays, *After Strange Gods*, he traces the disorganization of modern Anglo-Saxon literature to the decay of Protestantism. A sound literature can only spring from a sound religious background. "With the disappearance," he writes, "of the idea of Original Sin, with the disappearance of the idea of intense moral struggle, the human beings presented to us both in poetry and in prose fiction to-day . . . tend to become less and less real." To the individualism of modern literature he would oppose a maintenance of tradition which implies the consensus of the living and the dead, and which must also be a Christian tradition; an orthodoxy of criteria, which implies Christian orthodoxy. A literature emancipated from the canons of good and evil, or conceived as the mere expression of individual personality, is already in a state of disintegration.

There is an interesting passage

in one of his earlier works in which he challanges Paul Valéry's theory that the effect of poetry should be rather to produce a state of mind in the reader than to appeal directly to his intellect. Though admitting that poetry can be enjoyed even when it is only dimly understood (and his own poems are a case in point), Eliot affirms that "the end of the enjoyment of poetry is pure contemplation from which the accidents of personal emotion are removed. And without a labour which is largely a labour of the intelligence, we are unable to attain that stage of vision *amor intellectualis Dei.*"

In so writing, he had indeed the *Divina Commedia* in mind. Dante, to whom he has dedicated a brilliant essay, is his supreme master, where the principles of the craft of poetry are concerned. He would, I think, fully accept Dante's view of poetic inspiration as *"divinum quoddam munus."*

Though holding, advisedly, that no true poet when he is writing can deliberately decide to write either in romantic or a classical style, Eliot's preferences lead him to stand as champion of classicism, in as much as he believes that the poet should not seek the direct expression of his personal emotion, but the discovery of an "objective correlative" that will universalize it. Such a view would inevitably make him lean towards dramatic poetry; there is much that is dramatic in *The Waste Land* and in his other poems, while his *Sweeney Agonistes* is a fragment of expressionist drama that has extraordinary efficacy on the stage.

Of late he has been turning his attention especially to religious drama. *The Rock*, performed in the summer of 1934, is a pageant play showing the history of the Church in England from the conversion of the Saxons by Mellitus, first Bishop of London, to the consecration of a modern church—an Anglican church, for, as an Anglo-Catholic, Eliot will not admit a breach of continuity between the Catholic Church of before the Reformation and what he considers the true Church of England to-day. This position cannot but strike a false note to Catholic ears, and the loosely-knit form of a pageant play can never be wholly satisfactory, but many scenes, and especially the choruses, which speak as "the voice of the Church of God," have both beauty and profundity. As in *The Waste Land*, as in *The Hollow Men* (of 1925), Eliot is still obsessed by the triviality of modern civilization, that is leading men further and further from spiritual reality.

"Where is the Life we have lost in living?
Where is the wisdom we have lost in knowledge?
Where is the knowledge we have lost in information?
The cycles of Heaven in twenty centuries
Bring us farther from God and nearer to the Dust."

The final chorus, a hymn to light:

"O Light invisible, we praise Thee!
Too bright for mortal vision.
O Greater Light, we praise Thee for the less . . ."

is one of the grandest and most moving passages in modern poetry.

Last year, Eliot produced a play on St. Thomas of Canterbury, *Murder in the Cathedral*, which had its

first performance in St. Thomas's own cathedral (alas! that it should not be in Catholic hands). In this play Eliot has sought not so much an historical reconstruction, as to show in the conflict between St. Thomas and the King the perennial conflict between Church and State, the perennial struggle to subordinate spiritual to temporal power. A chorus of women represent the common people who, immersed in the struggle for existence, are only dimly aware of a great tragedy preparing. To the Saint come four Tempters, the first urging him to take the easy path and "leave well alone," the second whispering that as the king's Chancellor and minister, he would have an earthly power that could be used in the cause of justice, the third bidding him identify himself with the cause of the Barons and the people in the name of liberty against the king, while the fourth, the most subtle, echoing his very thoughts, encourages him on the way he has chosen that leads to martyrdom, but brings the temptation of spiritual pride. Him Thomas withstands as he withstood the others:

"The last temptation is the greatest treason:
To do the right deed for the wrong reason. . . .
Servant of God has chance of greater sin
And sorrow, than the man who serves a king.
For those who serve the greater cause may make the cause serve them,
Still doing right: and striving with political men
May make that cause political, not by what they do
But by what they are. . . ."

High poetry and drama meet in the scene where the martyr faces his murderers. But when it is over, the knights who killed him come forward and address the audience in colloquial prose. What have they done but taken the first step towards bringing about the subordination of the Church to the State which the modern world finds so natural? Ironically, Eliot makes them say:

"We have been instrumental in bringing about the state of affairs that you approve. We have served your interests: . . . and if there is any guilt whatever in the matter, you must share it with us."

The play ends with the prayer for forgiveness of those who acknowledge themselves as type of the common man,

"Of the men and women who shut the door and sit by the fire,
Who fear the blessing of God, the loneliness of the night of God, the surrender required, the deprivation inflicted,
Who fear the injustice of men less than the justice of God,
Who fear the hand at the window, the fire in the thatch, the fist in the tavern, the push into the canal,
Less than we fear the love of God.
We acknowledge our trespass, our weakness, our fault; we acknowledge
That the sin of the world is upon our heads; that the blood of the martyrs and the agony of the saints
Is on our heads.
Lord, have mercy upon us,
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Blessed Thomas, pray for us."

If in essentials, Eliot is to be accounted a Catholic poet, in Mrs. Talbot Clifton Catholics have a poet whose work, though small in bulk, is such in quality and promise, that she may well rank among the major poets of the time. Her first book was mainly prose: *The Book of Talbot*, a biographical memorial to her dead husband, written with a virility of style, a vigor and originality of thought, that make it a book of unusual importance. She has now published a poetic drama, *Sanctity*, on St. Elizabeth of Hungary. She has not only an exquisite sense of sound pattern, and a command of English that enables her to forge new forms of expression from the very ore of English speech (and in this she may be compared to Claudel and Carducci), but she has also an extraordinary power of making intellectual and spiritual truths flower as though spontaneously into poetic imagery. Passage after passage of rich imagery springs from the austere soil of Thomist theology. As an example, I would quote the plaint of the Seeking Soul in the prologue:

"Everywhere trace of him I find: everywhere trace;
like footsteps left, or whirr of flying wings
sounding in air.
The acacia, high-set, beckons to the bee;
the jasmine shines, as silver as a star,
So only that the honey-raping fly may her behold.
The pendant winged seeds of sycamore
tend downward to the matrix of the earth—
unto their good they tend,
the flower, the seed:
And I to mine.
But where is gone the spirit of my Lord?
I find his trace ore-seamed throughout the earth,
But that sweet evidence I seek from men
I find not."

The inspiration of the *Summa* (and in particular of St. Thomas's doctrine of final causes) is as direct as in Dante.

I know of no poet who has expressed with such adequacy the essence of sanctity. Elizabeth and her young husband, the Duke of Thuringia, "loved each other beyond what can be believed," but he dies on the Crusade, and she, left desolate, is little by little stripped of everything she might hold dear to her, the steps of that destitution marking the steps of her ascent to union with God, till, as the Chorus Mysticus sings in conclusion:

"The divine Narcissus over-stooped this soul
And saw his beauty mirrored—water-wise—
reflected in the crystal of the soul. . . .
Blessed the pure in heart—
blessed the crystal waters.
Elizabeth shall see God:
she shall see God.
She shall see God."

One awaits the future work of such a poet with eagerness and confidence.

Cecil Day Lewis has declared that to-day, with the complexity of modern life, the disappearance of compact communities, the poet must

expect to write for a restricted and chosen public. Neither Eliot nor Mrs. Clifton are poets for the public at large. There are still, however, poets who have a general appeal: such is Humbert Wolfe. By the same token he is less a poet of the intellect and less an innovator. He is indeed an impenitent romantic, his poems full of glamour and glitter, facile, unequal, sometimes unsound and superficial, but often achieving an intense lyrical beauty the fruit of profound inspiration. His thought is fluctuant. By birth and sympathy a Jew (he was born in Italy, and his name was originally Ugo Wolff), he is haunted by the beauty of Christianity, though one gathers from his work in its entirety that he has not reached the certitude of faith. Nevertheless, he has written one of the loveliest poems ever written on St. Joan, published in a sequence *Requiem* that on the whole is one of his finest achievements, and which also contains a number of poems, exquisitely Christian in inspiration. Such an inspiration, too, pervades his *Uncelestial City*, and, though less explicitly, his *News of the Devil*, a magnificent satire on modern attempts to commercialize religion. Now, in *X at Oberammergau* he has found a theme in which he can give passionate expression to his love of Christianity and his love for his own people. He imagines that at Oberammergau, in a hypothetical era of "German Christianity," the actor who should play the Christ falls ill, and a mysterious Stranger appears, with something in his aspect that makes all believe he would be suitable for the part.

"He looked upon us—making every man turn
To where, framed in the doorway with his lantern
lifted on high, he wore so mild a grace
so apt a loving-kindness on his face,
as though drawn hither to his appointed tryst,
that one among us cried, 'Behold the Christ!'"

His presence determines a polarization among the villagers. "John," "Magdalen," "Mary," feel themselves mysteriously drawn to him in love; "Judas," "Pilate," and others are filled with a mysterious hatred, and rally round Herr Hans Kanalgeruch the Director, who seeks his destruction, for is he not a Jew? Thus, symbolically Wolfe seeks to show the perennial conflict between Christianity as the religion of love, and a paganism based on force and violence, and exemplified by a return to Thor and the old barbaric gods. No less than the Jews of old, the neopagans of Germany would crucify Christ. And so the Passion Play melts into the reality it would recall, and as in that reality, the Crucifixion is the Triumph of the Cross, before which the crooked cross, the "symbol of Satan" "melts like a ghost."

"He has gone down to death. Cease, women your sorrow.
There is naught for you to lament and naught to cry on.
He has taken death under his arm like an arrow
Whose barb is broken. Lift your gates, O Zion.
The beacon burns beyond the world. He is risen.
Christ returns."

In the poets with whom I have

dealt, Christian inspiration, indeed Catholic inspiration, is explicit. But in many others, who have yet to find their way to faith, it is a potent influence, even if it manifests itself only as an aspiration, a sense of spiritual values. Such is the case with that rare and delicate poet of the older generation, Walter de la Mare, whose platonic yearnings would make him write:

"The loveliest thing earth hath, a shadow hath,
A dark and livelong hint of death,
Haunting it ever till its last faint breath.
Who, then, may tell
The beauty of heaven's shadowless asphodel?"

His verse, in the words of his discerning biographer, Forrest Reid, is "potentially Christian," and leaves "a feeling that belief, complete, final, may flower at any moment." Such is the case, too, even with those young poets of the advance-guard, Lewis, Spender, Auden, who, from a genuine hunger for justice are at present passing through a phase of very much idealized Communism. Poetic inspiration often transcends conscious theory—*divinum quoddam munus*—and the tradition of English poetry is a Christian tradition.

EL CAMINO REAL

By Evelyn Deasy

YOU serve the present royally and well
Historic highway of the King!
Along your winding length the Mission bell
Once called the neophyte; now mad wheels fling
A challenge, born of speeding ecstasy
To your most treasured memories; and still
These are not lost, nor will they ever be,
But linger hauntingly on coast and plain;
Swift grinding wheels will beat you down in vain,
The splendid past is yours! Each guardian hill
Has seen, upon the path which you displace,
The resolute, indomitable pace
Of brown-robed padres, following the trail,
Their faith as stirring as an epic tale
The while they paused to build with patient hand
Your sacred hostelries, whose walls yet stand,
Aloof from finite things, remembering
God's purpose, on the Highway of the King.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND SOCIAL JUSTICE

By Lawrence Lucey

THE other Roosevelt—Teddy—had sailed for Africa to hunt lions, tigers and other residents of the jungle. At home the bulls and bears of Wall Street had stopped growling at him and were patting each other on the back. The trust-buster and his big stick were gone. Never again would they hear him say: "I believe that all corporations engaged in interstate commerce should be under the supervision of the national government." Nor would they again hear him call these interstate corporations "subjects without a sovereign" that are financed with money from New York, created under the laws of Delaware, and transact business in California, Michigan, Ethiopia and all points north, south, east and west. Down at the office of Pierpont Morgan the chubby financier is reported to have wished Teddy *bon voyage* by saying: "I hope the first lion he meets does his duty."

Since the advent of the modern drive for social justice the name of President Theodore Roosevelt has seldom been linked with the right of the farmer to sell his crops for a reasonable profit, the right of the workingman to receive a living wage, labor unions, farmers' co-operatives, housing, corporations, or any of the other social problems which have arisen. Much has been written and said concerning Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Marshall and Lincoln. Their viewpoints on what the government should and should not do in economic matters has been widely publicized. However, none of these men lived in the twentieth century and though some of their opinions are applicable to modern problems it is not reasonable to assume that they would have held steadfastly to their theories of government had they lived to witness the events of to-day. Theodore Roosevelt differs from these men because he was alive during the twentieth century, and his writings and actions are drenched with opinions relating to the current of social problems that are called "modern," though most of the problems are moss-covered—the problems existed but few people recognized them. Theodore Roosevelt is the most important man in American history who thought in terms of to-day and had many opinions on current problems that are worth quoting.

Unlike Stuart Chase who believes that "morals and dollars have never mixed very well," Theodore Roosevelt felt that the wage a workingman receives is a moral as well as an economic problem. "This is a fact," wrote Theodore Roosevelt, "which many well-intentioned people even to-day do not understand. They do not understand that the labor problem is a human and a moral as well as an economic problem; that a fall in wages, an increase in hours, a deterioration of labor conditions mean wholesale moral as well as economic degeneration, and the needless sacrifice of human lives and human happiness, while a rise of wages, a lessening of hours, a bettering of conditions,

mean an intellectual, moral and social uplift of millions of American men and women. There are employers to-day who, like the great coal operators, speak as though they were lords of these countless armies of Americans, who toil in factory, in shop, in mill and in the dark places under the earth. They fail to see that the Nation and the Government, within the range of fair play and a just administration of the law, must inevitably sympathize with the men who have nothing but their wages, with the men who are struggling for a decent life, as opposed to men, however honorable, who are merely fighting for larger profits and an autocratic control of big business." Theodore Roosevelt did not fall into the error of the modern, materialistic economists who have popularized the near-sighted opinion that the laborer is merely an economic unit without any higher aspirations.

One of the chapters in Theodore Roosevelt's autobiography is titled "Social and Industrial Justice," and it suggests topics that would touch the heart of every modern dabbler in economics. This title is more timely to-day than when it was written. The opening sentences in this chapter read: "By the time I became President I had grown to feel that governmental agencies must find their justification largely in the way in which they are used for practical betterment of living and working conditions among the mass of the people. I felt that the fight was really for the abolition of privilege; and one of the first stages in the battle was necessarily to fight for the rights of the workingman." His life was studded with battles for the workingman. He fought for the eight-hour day, workmen's compensation laws, Civil Service laws, and he settled the miner's strike in Pennsylvania so that to-day the miners revere his name.

The Pennsylvania coal strike of 1902 is especially notable for the fact that it was the first time in any large strike that the government was not used to club the strikers into returning to work. The small victory which Theodore Roosevelt was able to procure for the miners in this strike was a stepping-stone to the Guffey Coal Act of to-day.

During this strike one of the operators proclaimed that God had given the mines to a few wealthy men and these men were to have the right to dictate the wages and hours of their employees. After violating God's Commandment which forbade this operator to steal the bread from the mouth of his miners, he was brazen enough to try to justify his stealing by saying it was the will of God. In settling this strike Theodore Roosevelt insisted that some of the members of the arbitration committee be representatives of the miners. Such an idea was considered "revolutionary" by the operators, laboring as they were under the divine right of property illusion, for they believed that the committee should be completely composed of men who sympathized with them. Had Theodore Roosevelt lived and taken a part in the formation of the N.R.A. codes (and who would have been a better man to head the N.R.A.?), he would not have let industrialists dictate their own codes, he would have insisted that labor have something to say about these codes.

Trade unions and farmers' organizations were close to the heart of Theodore Roosevelt. He believed

that democracy could only exist in a nation where the laborer and farmer could organize to protect themselves, for "a democracy can be such in fact only if there is some rough approximation to similarity in stature among the men composing it. One of us can deal in our private lives with the grocer or the butcher or the chicken raiser, or if we are the grocer or carpenter or butcher or farmer, we can deal with our customers, because *we are all of about the same size.* Therefore a simple and poor society can exist as a democracy on a basis of sheer individualism. But a rich and complex industrial society cannot so exist; for some individuals, and especially those artificial individuals called corporations, become so very big that the ordinary individual is dwarfed beside them, and cannot deal with them on terms of equality. It therefore becomes necessary for these ordinary individuals to combine in their turn, first in order to act in their collective capacity through that biggest of all combinations called the Government, and second, to act, also in their own self-defense, through private combinations, such as farmers' associations and trade unions." Teddy would not be found in the ranks of the rugged individualists were he alive to-day, nor would he have any sympathy for the Communist agitators who resort to violence and bomb-throwing during a strike. When a labor leader resorted to criminal methods he was just as severe in his treatment of him as he was with an employer who used clubs or bullets to break a strike.

Big business could not accept the views of Theodore Roosevelt and used every weapon at hand to defeat him. When he passed laws regulating the railroads they threatened to retaliate by reducing the wages of their employees and blaming the reduction on the laws, hoping thereby to have their employees join with them in an attack on Teddy.

The National Association of Manufacturers fought every measure that was intended to better the condition of the workingman. "The opposition of the National Association of Manufacturers," wrote Theodore Roosevelt, "to every rational and moderate measure for benefiting the workingman, such as measures abolishing child labor, or securing workmen's compensation, caused me real and grave concern; for I felt that it was ominous of evil for the whole country to have men who ought to stand high in wisdom and in guiding force take a course and use language of such a reactionary type as directly to incite revolution—for this is what the extreme reactionary always does." The recent activities of the National Association of Manufacturers have been of such a character that one would think that Teddy was aware of them when he wrote the above lines.

He believed it to be ridiculous for anyone to hold that the power of the government to regulate business should remain the same as it was sixty years before his day. Had not steam and electricity so transformed business that it was carried on in a totally different manner from that which obtained sixty years ago? It was, he said, just as foolish to ask the government to use the flintlocks and swords of Washington's day in a modern war instead of airplanes and tanks, as it was to ask the government to limit its powers to those it had during Washington's day.

Theodore Roosevelt had to meet

the charge that he was hurting business. It was the same story that is being told to-day,—don't attempt to reform business during a depression as it will only make matters worse—wait until recovery is at hand before instituting reforms. Of course when recovery occurs the story changes,—don't attempt to reform business during a prosperous period as you are liable to cause another depression by rocking the boat. Reform must wait until a tomorrow that never comes. "The apologists of successful dishonesty," wrote Teddy, "always declaim against any effort to punish or prevent it on the ground that such effort will 'unsettle business.' It is they who by their acts have unsettled business; and the very men raising this cry spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in securing by speech, editorial, book or pamphlet, the defense by misstatement of what they have done; and yet when we correct their misstatements by telling the truth, they declaim against us for breaking silence, lest 'values be unsettled'! They have hurt honest business men, honest workingmen, honest farmers; and now they clamour against the truth's being told." Teddy knew all about the little game the utility holding companies played a short time ago when, after they had robbed the widows and orphans, they begged the Congress not to touch them because if it did it would hurt the poor widows and orphans.

Theodore Roosevelt's knowledge of the housing problem was based on visits which he made to the slums of New York City, and he wrote: "It is one thing to listen in perfunctory fashion to tales of overcrowded tenements, and it is quite another actually to see what that overcrowding means, some hot summer night, by even a single visit during the hours of darkness."

When a New York tenement house law that he favored was declared unconstitutional he struck back in the manner of a modern New Dealer and wrote: "They made it evident that they valued the Constitution, not as a help to righteousness, but as a means for thwarting movements against unrighteousness. After my experience with them I became more set than ever in my distrust of those men, whether business men or lawyers, judges, legislators, or executive officers, who seek to make of the Constitution a fetish for the prevention of the work of social reform, for the prevention of work in the interest of those men, women and children on whose behalf we should be at liberty to employ freely every governmental agency." When Teddy thought he was right it required more than an adverse decision to change his mind.

Were he to walk through the tenement house districts of New York City to-day he would still see some 66,000 tenements that were unfit for human habitation during his time and which have become worse since then. If he spoke with the owners of these tenements they would beg him not to pass a law requiring them to be closed for, they would say, we want a little more time and then we will improve them. If Teddy could control his anger he might be amused by this plea of the owners as it is the same tale they told him over thirty-five years ago.

Teddy is chiefly thought of to-day as a trust-buster though he was not, as many people mistakenly believe, a wild-eyed radical who wanted to break up every large business in

America. He was opposed to monopolies and did all in his power to break them up. Just before he became president, the Northern Securities Company, a holding company, was formed, and it controlled nearly all the railroads in the northwestern part of the United States. Teddy promptly hailed this corporation into court for violating the anti-trust laws. The Supreme Court held that this corporation was a monopoly and broke it up. The decision was a tribute to Theodore Roosevelt, for the Supreme Court had to reverse a previous decision it had rendered in the Knight case to sustain his belief that the Northern Securities Company should be broken up.

"Except in the case of monopolies," wrote Teddy, "nothing of importance is gained by breaking up a huge interstate and international industrial organization *which has not offended otherwise than by its size*, into a number of small concerns without any attempt to regulate the way in which these concerns as a whole shall do business. Nothing is gained by depriving the American Nation of good weapons wherewith to fight in the great field of international industrial competition. Those who seek to restore the days of unlimited and uncontrolled competition, and who believe that a panacea for our industrial and economic ills is to be found in the mere breaking up of all big corporations, simply because they are big, are attempting not only the impossible, but what, if possible, would be undesirable. They are acting as we should act if we tried to dam the Mississippi, to stop its flow outright. The effort would be certain to result in failure and disaster; we should have attempted the impossible, and so would have achieved nothing, or worse than nothing. But by building levees along the Mississippi, not seeking to dam the stream, but to control it, we are able to achieve our object and to confer inestimable good in the course of so doing."

Teddy thought that the only method by which an interstate and international corporation could be controlled was by permitting the Federal government to regulate these corporations. "In the end," he wrote, "I have always believed that it would also be necessary to give the National Government complete power over the organization and capitalization of all business concerns engaged in interstate commerce." At present there is a bill in the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, sponsored by Senator O'Mahoney, that is based on this proposal of Theodore Roosevelt, and the need for this law is greater to-day than it was during Teddy's time. Incidentally, it cares for the excessive surpluses of corporations in a sound manner as it requires corporations to share their excessive surplus with their employees and not with the government as does the proposal of Theodore Roosevelt's namesake.

Naturally anyone who was such a persistent champion of social justice as was Theodore Roosevelt would eventually be called a socialist. When his opponents could not break his bones with sticks and stones they began calling him names. But, he wrote: "I am not afraid of names, and I am not one of those who fear to do what is right because some one else will confound me with partisans with whose principles I am not in accord. Moreover, I know that many American Socialists are high-minded and

honorable citizens, who in reality are merely radical social reformers. They are oppressed by the brutalities and industrial injustices which we see everywhere about us. When I recall how often I have seen Socialists and ardent non-Socialists working side by side for some specific measure of social or industrial reform, and how I have found opposed to them on the side of privilege many shrill reactionaries who insist on calling all reformers Socialists, I refuse to be panic-stricken by having this title mistakenly applied to me."

Teddy was not a red-baiter for he realized that the "unfair and iniquitous methods [used] by great masters of corporate capital have done more to cause popular discontent with the propertied classes than all the orations of all the Socialist orators in the country put together."

Theodore Roosevelt thought, wrote and lived according to the principles of social justice. He rededicated the Republican Party to social justice just as Lincoln had originally dedicated this party to social justice by emancipating the slaves. The Republican Party is now desperately in need of a candidate for the presidency. It has been said that if something is not done soon to regain its lost prestige this party will die like the Whig Party which preceded it. If the members of the Republican Party will forget about Hoover, Coolidge and Harding who have led them to a political cemetery, and try to find a man who can fill the shoes of Teddy Roosevelt, they will be doing their country and their party a real service.

WILD STRAWBERRY LEAVES

By L. Moulton

OVER the hills a long way I went
Through lanes and orchards where trees were bent
With the weight of ripened fruit and of rain
Which dripped to the ground with tune and refrain;
Over the hills I went to the sea—
Over the green hills of Normandy.

The sea rolled in on a swollen tide,
Whilst her daughter-clouds came down to hide
That restless mother who gave them birth—
To hide the sea and caress the earth.
There was something simple, something grand

In the way they united the sea and the land.
I felt the music and felt the motion
Of tides and winds in almighty commotion
Out of which turmoil small things are made—
Lovely sea-shells and weeds that fade,
Fade and recede and crumble away,
Are lost to appear at some later day
In other shapes. And what strange shapes come—
Shapes that sing and shapes that are dumb,
Shapes that move and shapes that are still,
The form of a man, the mold of a hill.
Though the sun and planets and stars were hidden,
The heart of me was not forbidden
To sense their motion and sense their power
In sea, in shell, in wind, in flower.
The vast and the mighty, the weak and the small
Each seemed to involve the existence of all.

The gardens were bulging with rain-wet roses,
Sunflowers and dahlias and other posies;
Virginia creeper trailed on the walls
Where leaf after leaf turns rich and falls.
I seemed to move on the rim of the world
And sense in a way how things are unfurled,
To sense the evolving and the unending,
How death and life are forever blending;
Then, all in an instant, it came to pass
That softly nestling amidst the grass
A rosy patch of strawberry leaves,
Beneath a pear-tree where the ivy weaves,
Spreading their palms out shining and gay,
Accosted me in a strangely sweet way.
Though every step of the way that I trod
My mind had been fixed on the wonder of God,
When I came to those leaves, if I say that He smiled
In a flash just for me, an adoring child,
I only express in a figure of speech
Something simple, yet out of reach
Of my ladders of words. Not another soul felt,
I dare say, the magic that in that spot dwelt.
When I passed by again, I myself did not see
Those leaves on the green hills of Normandy.

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

THERE appears to be an impression in some quarters that insistence upon respect for treaties is a kind of foolish punctilio, which no realistic person can or ought to take seriously. The sanctity of treaties is now described as an "unrealizable and abstract ideal." . . . This view is, if I may say so, not the realism of responsible and experienced men but the kind of pseudo-realism which is now having a considerable literary vogue. For in the real world of affairs men soon discover that nothing can be transacted, whether it be between buyer and seller, creditor and debtor, employer and employee, the official and the citizen, one government and another, unless there is present some ultimate belief that they can trust one another. Without this belief, action is paralyzed; the business of mankind cannot move. . . . It is not the letter of any treaty that is sacred. It is lawful procedure, what the American revolutionists called "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," that is sacred if there is to be anything but anarchy in human affairs.

—Walter Lippmann.

The literary radicals tell us there must be a new kind of poetry. There will be, whenever there is a new poet—a genuine one. . . . So far, the effort to make a new kind of poetry, "pure poetry," which eschews (or renounces) the old themes as shop-worn, and confines itself to regarding the grey of a wet oyster shell against the sand of a wet beach through a drizzle of rain, has not produced anything very memorable: not even when the workmanship was good and when a beat in the measure was unexpectedly dropped here and there with what one of the poet's admirers calls a "heart-breaking effect." Certainly the last thing such poetry should attempt is to do any heart breaking.

—Willa Cather, in *The Commonweal*, April 17th.

The classic short story was an evasion of life rather than a flat contradiction of it. It showed life arrested in its tracks, frozen in arbitrarily selected aspects, foreshortened by artifice to serve a technical exigency of presentation, and necessarily shorn of the continuity, the growth, of life as the novelist saw it. But at least it implied life, even if it had not the room to contain it. The novel, on the other hand, has progressively become an out-and-out denial of life, and we know the novelist best to-day as clinician, pathologist, performer of autopsies, and, one is inclined to add, mortician.

—Wilson Follett, in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, April 18th.

The struggle between the classes [in Germany] has finally reached the point where the old leaders have been obliged to drop their masks and to boast cynically of their ruthlessness. There is no room in Germany today for fine words or romantic notions. Brute force is the supreme deity. War is

no longer a last resort but a primary end; brutality is glorified for its own sake; life has become nothing more than a preparation for death on the battlefield.

—LION FEUCHTWANGER, in *The Nation*, April 22nd.

Our national vocabulary is in some danger, I fear, of becoming chronically hysterical, and many of our once-pregnant words are thus threatened with degenerating into ultimate meaninglessness. . . . Hollywood, of course, has already been for several years a sepulchre of dead superlatives, as have a good many newspapers. "Awful" has meant nothing for a decade; "gorgeous" hovers on the brink of limbo; "terrific" has long since been sucked dry of its last particle of significance. . . . Now all these words are very good words, which once upon a time were charged with meaning and rich in implication. But word inflation—which is the consistent policy of our exclamation-point writers—is very much like currency inflation. The more these electrifying words are employed, the less they come to be worth.

—ALAN DEVOE, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, May.

The laws [in Germany] which bear down on non-Aryans in the professions, in literature and the arts, in the universities, are conceived in cruelty. They deprive innocent men of their livelihood and set them up as an object of hatred and derision for the crowd. But the Nazi régime has done far less injury to the basic manhood of its non-Aryan victims than it has inflicted on the whole German people. The non-Aryan minority is not allowed to vote in elections where people may vote only one way; not to write for newspapers in which free speech is forbidden; not to publish books in a land where books must conform to the Nazi doctrine; not to teach in universities whose new duty it is to abandon the pursuit of knowledge and dedicate themselves to "German" knowledge only.

—*The New York Times*, April 12th.

The response to the printed word is meager and uncertain, and what is beautiful and true is rescued from oblivion and cherished for the future by a pitifully small group. Never at any time in all the world are there more than a few thousand people who are interested in anything as remote from their daily existence as a poem, a fine bit of prose, a new law of money, or a new Einstein formula.

—WILLIAM FEATHER, in *The Atlantic Monthly*, May.

The unifying principle of a university is the pursuit of truth for its own sake. To the extent to which professional departments adopt this principle as their own they take their place in the university's community of scholars. If the number of professional groups can be limited to those that have intellectual content; if they and all other departments can conduct their work in the same spirit; if we can develop general education so that all advanced study will rest on a common body of knowledge, we may succeed in making our universities true communities of true scholars.

—DR. ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS, President of the University of Chicago, quoted in the New York *Herald Tribune*, April 22nd.

There is an intense desire among young men and women whose

youth has been spent in the greed and folly of the boom, the anarchy of the depression, the experiments and the recriminations of the New Deal era, to be part of an upsurge of real patriotism, which rises above caution and profit making, above war-mongering and Red-chasing, above demagoguery and political incapacity, to some plane of thought and action where the individual is swept with his fellows along a road whose terminal is more inspiring than a fortune, a safe job, or the victory of a party whose platform is only stay-in or get-in. To these millions much that is printed, said, and done now must seem trivial. And if their radical left speaks loudest just now in terms that are often absurd and sometimes merely violent, that does not mean that the right and middle have not their own strong feelings, so far largely inarticulate, but likely to be impressive when expressed.

—*The Saturday Review of Literature*, April 11th.

If a majority can be made to see that American peace is a snare and a delusion in a world in which there is no peace, if we can see clearly the indivisible character of our economic environment, then, inevitably, we must admit the necessity for organizing our world for peace. The responsibility of our national leaders in making us see this, in forcing us to realize that no puny device of "maintaining a strict neutrality" will save us from the storm when it breaks, is almost incalculable. Let them exercise their leadership with some perceptible diminution of slipshod thinking and muddled premises. Let them explain, again and again, as often as they can commandeer microphone or platform, that neutrality is not enough. Americans are not morons or idiots. They are able to understand that the policies of the past do not always work and that the sane thing to do when something doesn't work is to scrap it or make it over. This is a good, traditional, American way of approaching problems, Mr. Hearst and his minions notwithstanding.

—MARION DONNELLY, of the University of California, in *The Nation*, May 6th.

"The unconscious genius of the people," said Paul Shorey, "no more invents slang than it invents epics. It is coined in the sweat of their brow by smart writers who, as they would say, are *out for the coin.*" . . . Some of the best slang emerges from the argot of college students, but everyone who has observed the process of its gestation knows that the general run of students have nothing to do with the matter, save maybe to provide an eager welcome for the novelties set before them. College slang is actually made by the campus wits, just as general slang is made by the wits of the newspapers and theaters.

—H. L. MENCKEN, *The American Language* (Alfred A. Knopf).

Education is important; art is important; but these things are only means to an end. "All evil," as St. Thomas Aquinas says, "is the mistaking of means for ends." This indeed was the fundamental error of the Renaissance, for the leaders of the Renaissance worshipped art, science and physical beauty as ends in themselves. "What is art," as Samuel Butler remarked, "that it should have a sake?"

—ARNOLD LUNN, *A Saint in the Slave Trade* (Sheed & Ward).

THE LADY MUST CHOOSE

By Arthur E. Gleason, S.J.

APRIL had recently been put to flight by the approach of May; nevertheless it was a rain-drenched world that loomed before the hazel eyes of Peace as she stood in the open doorway of a scrubby frame building that served as a school for the rising generation of near Mingo. This unpretentious institute of learning was the undisputed realm of Peace Mennick, and here she queened it alone and supreme, a youthful matriarch presiding over still more youthful dunderheads, small subjects of her small kingdom on the hill. This afternoon a driving rain had laid siege to the castle of this teacher-maid and peppered the surrounding territory with bullets of water. Luckily the children had been dismissed before the heavy shower set in and Peace was now alone, alone and at leisure to reflect on life in general and on her own in particular.

Twenty-five years ago two important events happened almost simultaneously in the Mennick family: a long-standing feud with the Noll clan finally came to a pacific end, and in the same month a baby girl arrived. Mountaineers are fond of odd, Biblical or commemorative names, and for three generations the Mennicks had dwelt along the mountainous border of the upper Big Sandy River. Since the end of the inter-clan war and the infant girl came along in the same month, the child was christened Peace.

During the next quarter of a century Peace acquired, among various other possessions, five feet of attractive femininity, an ultramontane education, and the position of local school teacher. Everything about her was contrary to rule. The hill folk of Kentucky are a tall breed: the men are lank, big-boned, the women above average height, dull-eyed, unshapely, clothed in rough, ill-fitting garments, and seldom educated beyond the fundamentals of the three R's. Not so, *petite* Miss Mennick. She had never grown beyond the five-foot mark, had an intelligent twinkle in a bright eye, was perfectly proportioned, dressed in immaculate gingham gowns, and boasted a high-school education.

Over and above these various differences between Peace and the other womenfolk of the community, there existed a greater mark of divergence. Lasses in the mountains are not forced into child-marriages, a common calamity in India, but they do wed comparatively early. Poverty is not a stranger to these mountaineers, but lack of money does not deter the young from matrimony. The farms have less to yield, men less to offer and girls less to expect in that arrested civilization than in the great world beyond. Still, the mountain people are brave and hopeful, and marriage is not shunned. Bachelors and spinsters, then, are uncommon, but Peace was ever to be found among the rarer things of life and at the astonishing age of twenty-five remained a maid.

While the rain continued pour-

ing down upon the Big Sandy Valley, Peace continued her musing and comparing. Life so far had indeed been good to her; better far was her lot than that of other girls in Mingo. Other women of twenty-five were cooking coarse food over hot stoves, tending dirty, bawling babies, performing menial household tasks from sun-up to eventide. Other women her age were shackled with the fetters of matrimony; she was a free agent. Others dwelt in narrow ignorance; she had gone over the mountain and attended school in Lexington. And yet Peace, with all her blessings, was not content that afternoon as she stood upon the threshold of her domain, thinking and watching the rain.

The prospect of a two-mile tramp over a muddy road was not very cheering so Peace directed her thoughts away from an unsatisfying present and toward an uncertain future. Questions replaced comparisons. Was she to spend the rest of her days as an unwed rural schoolmarm, drilling daily from late September to early May at the rudiments of language, at elementary arithmetic, at simple geography and sketchy history? Was she destined to live out her young life amid children not her own, soothing their little hurts, settling their petty squabbles, wiping away their childish tears, ever stooping to the level of untrained intelligences? Or should she make this year her last, hand in her resignation and sail her ship of life in new seas?

And if she did quit teaching, then what? True, Judd Cook must love her. Once in fact he had shyly, clumsily introduced the subject of marriage, and Peace could easily encourage him to speak more plainly. But did she want this alternative to her present position? Would she find more contentment, deeper happiness when wedded to a man much below her in mental attainments, a mountaineer unkempt, uncultured, unlettered, narrow, futureless? Was such a man a fitting companion for the dainty little schoolmistress? By nature, a woman likes her husband to be her superior in more than strength, and Peace was decidedly feminine. Moreover, marriage among mountaineers, as among Catholics, is contracted to endure as long as life. The several arrangements for convenient adultery gilded with modern names—the companionate, trial marriage, liberal love, experimental wifehood—these are not admitted in the code and custom of mountain folk. Therefore, if Peace chose the double state, her partner in domesticity would have to be a permanent one. With her, marriage was to be lasting, like the symbolic wedding ring of gold, not evanescent like the flimsy ring of smoke.

Of course she could give up teaching and try another calling; but the problem in Peace's mind did not directly concern the choice of a profession; it dealt with the choice of a state of life. And this is a larger question. The choice and practice of a different profession can be changed at will; the choice and consummation of marriage is an irrevocable move. It was this very finality of wedlock that accounted for her refusals in years past. Then, as now, Peace had not loved wholeheartedly, without reserve, and under such circumstances she had wisely avoided the great decision.

With perplexing thoughts on matrimony and Judd Cook, on

teaching, spinsterhood and bygone proposals filling her shapely little Titian-tressed head, Peace stood waiting for the shower to cease when the sound of an approaching motor car broke in upon her reverie. Around the shoulder of the nearest knob appeared a flashy car bearing an Ohio license and driven by what seemed to be a Park Avenue gentleman. The debonair driver noticed the pensive miss standing in the doorway and at once jumped to a wrong conclusion. He believed the thoughtful look was due to a pressing problem of removing her pretty self from a lonely schoolhouse to a village home without getting a neat frock and all thereunder completely drenched.

"Hello, there, mademoiselle," greeted Bert Redding as he swung his chic car off the mucky road and into the firm school-yard. For some seconds Bert enjoyed a feminine scrutiny of his handsome figure then ended the silence with, "May I not ferry you down this muddy stream?"—pointing to the water-covered road.

This was backwoods country where men respect women to the full, but Peace was well aware that beyond the mountains young ladies accepting rides from strangers frequently come to grief—or to the anticipated "good time." Still, two miles of mud beneath and plenty of rain above are not ideal conditions for a stroll, and withal Peace had already been delayed over an hour. Graciously, then, she accepted the proffered ride.

"Thank you sir," she said, "Rain isn't expected here in May, and neither are fairy boats along this route."

Country roads in the Kentucky mountains do not rival the smooth wide highways of more populous sections, but this time Bert Redding actually breathed a pagan thanks that the going was slow. He was enjoying the charming company of his pretty "pick-up," and consequently drove slower than the poachy road necessitated. But the school was only two miles from town and two miles are soon traversed even by a slow-moving auto. Mingo was now but a scant three hundred yards ahead and Bert, always a fast worker around the ladies, sped up the acquaintance and slowed down the car. He was anxious to see more of this attractive schoolmarm. On pulling up in front of the Mennick homestead he made his request. Mountaineers are distrustful of total strangers, but Peace had enjoyed her chance chauffeur's witty conversation. His speech was so different, so much more correct than that of the local fellows; his dress so faultless; his range of topics so wide. Moreover Peace would show her independence of custom and parental approval by receiving any caller she pleased, so Bert got permission to call the next evening.

Bert didn't even wait until the following evening to pay further homage at his new-found shrine of beauty. The little goddess had to negotiate the same stretch of road between school and home the next afternoon as to-day, and there would always be room in Bert's car for such a chip of humanity beside him. Moreover he had no intention of abiding a lifetime in this sequestered settlement and had already set a goal to be reached before his departure hence. To establish a friendship in a short time he must be with his latest attraction much and often. Thus it was that at the

schoolhouse that afternoon, the sound of departing children was speedily followed by the sound of an approaching car. Twice in two consecutive days Miss Peace came home *via* automobile.

Bert Redding knew that one excellent way to conquer a woman's heart was to advance under a barrage of compliments, and during their afternoons and evenings together poured out words of half sincere praise on his "vest-pocket Diana," as he aptly styled Peace. Entrenched in her good graces, Bert himself became a frequent topic of conversation. Peace liked to listen to his partial autobiography and supplied leading questions.

"You certainly look like a money-king from Park Avenue," she shyly remarked.

"Park Avenue! Riverside Drive!" exclaimed the flattered young man. "No, Peace, I'm not a New York millionaire. I write scenarios out in Hollywood."

"Anyway, you drive a million-dollar car," protested inquisitive Peace.

"That saucy little roadster," returned Bert, "I just rented that back in Cincinnati."

"Well of all the taxi bills!" exclaimed Peace. "But why didn't you stick to the highways and not chase it over the terrible roads around here?" urged Peace.

"Oh, one can't get first hand knowledge of the places, the people, the patois back in these mountains by riding along the big highways."

"So you're hounding out our secrets, eh?" mocked Peace. "And how long will it take a bright young man to complete his backwoods education?"

Then she learned that this handsome writer of scenarios, this purveyor of pretty phrases and admirer of her *petite* beauty was returning in less than a fortnight to his naughty, haughty Hollywood. This was news, most unwelcome news, for Peace had grown more than mildly pleased with the dashing scenarist's attentions; in fact, her delight in his company was already shading toward love for his person. Peace knew well enough that she was an emotional creature, remembered that she had been speedily drawn to several men before, forgot that her emotions quickly passed away, and just now she was touched with distress.

During the days when Miss Mennick's healthy heart was sorrowing over the impending departure of her urbane admirer, Mr. Redding's clever head was busy about the same eventuality. Love in the deeper, sweeter sense was foreign to his nature but he did like his latest lady friend and wanted to have her with him in the California picture colony. He wasn't weighing the feasibility of taking unto himself a wife: to contract a legal, binding marriage did not enter into his plan of life. Nor did the ladies of his own set stickle for such a bothersome preliminary to living as man and wife. Bert had always found it an easy matter to attach a girl friend who believed in (and lived according to) sufficiently lax ethics, and overlooked the fact that this time he had met a girl whose conduct was measured by an entirely different standard. At any rate Bert's plans were none too definite. What arrangements would be made after he (perhaps they?) settled down in sunny California he did not know. One thing at a time and right here and now he had to get Peace's consent to go West.

One afternoon, while loafing about town, an idea struck Bert. He reflected a minute or two then jumped into his car and piloted it post haste over the two miles of bumps and holes that lay between town and the schoolhouse. He arrived early but class would be over shortly, so he waited, chuckling with high hope. Presently the bell announced the end of the school day, and promptly the desks and room were empty of children. Peace came outside after the last of the youngsters had scampered from their humble hall of learning, but showed no surprise at the sporty car and its cheerful occupant. Bert had been calling at the school almost daily.

"Cheerio, Peace," exclaimed Bert. "Attach yourself to your portable do-dads and we're off for a spin. Got a life-size proposition for your ducky little head to ponder and accept."

The tempo of Peace's pulse stepped up to *allegro*. What was coming? A proposal perhaps? Of a truth Peace had no nervous temperament, but her body was a-tingle when she slipped into and settled down in the cozy seat of Bert's car "to ponder and accept a life-size proposition."

Burr, purr, swish and the car shot out of the smooth yard and onto the rough road. Bert was looking supremely happy and confident.

"Well?" interrogated Peace.

"Peace be with you. Amen," Bert said in sham seriousness. Then in a less serious tone he put a direct question.

"How would you like to become a citizeness of gay ol' Hollywood, my dear little minx?"

By habit Peace never committed herself unless necessary, and in this instance she was eager to hear more,—much more before saying anything definite. On occasions she would let a curious chuckle travel up and down her short white throat. This tricky gurgle was a source of delight to her former suitors, but failed in the present case to substitute for the desired, the expected answer, and Bert, his erstwhile smile replaced by an offended look, repeated his question. This time Peace had to say something, and she did not know whether the long, expensive trip to California was to be a honeymoon, or a vacation,—school would be out in three days,—or was this worldly young man at her side proposing the impossible? Luckily Peace had the tact of a diplomat, and to conceal her quest for further information she became facetious.

"Speak on, gallant sir. Prithee, tell me what train I am to board and what reception shall attend upon my august arrival in that far off city of stars."

Bert had not expected such a turn of events. What he had anticipated was a prompt, "Why yes, Bert," or "Bert, how perfickly marvel-ous!"

Chagrined, the frown deepened on his classic features. Then he stopped the car just off the road and almost instinctively Peace drew farther into her cushioned corner. But other thoughts were foremost in Bert's mind. He wanted to get Miss Mennick's promise to go West with him, and he felt that his was an offer not to be despised by any mountain miss. He hadn't noticed that his recent offer needed explanation. True, he had suspected that his new playmate might refuse to leave home and venture forth

with a short-time lover, terms unmentioned. An idea had come to him earlier in the afternoon, and now he betook himself to the congenial task of explaining this plan to the lady involved.

"Dainty Diana," Bert began, "why are you hiding your pretty self way back here in this stupid corner of the world, like the poet's flower that 'was born to blush and die unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air'? Honestly, Peace, you've got the goods to satisfy a movie scout."

Peace, not given to blushing, colored, nevertheless, under the compliment. True, her features were regular, almost perfect, her teeth fit for a toothpaste ad, her hair was a luxurious Titian crown, her body symmetrical, her nature emotional. No denying, she had many of beauty's requisites, even if her skin was not altogether free of freckles and her hazel eyes untouched with tints of green. Peace was more pleased than her words indicated.

"Now Bert Redding," she scolded, "that's real mean of you to call Mingo 'a stupid corner of the world,' and plain flattery to tell me that I'd be a find for a movie scout. Did Mr. Thalberg—or was it Mr. DeMille—send you here to locate a 'vest-pocket Diana,' or to learn the vernacular of the Cumberlands?"

Bert scented success in this little speech and became eager.

"Never mind how mountaineers talk. Will you come along West and face the hiring squad at the studios? And don't forget, I'm one of the working bees in the Hollywood hive. I'll fix up interviews between a Kentucky mountain belle and a California picture producer. Won't you please say yes?"

Peace was commendably cautious. She didn't say yes, and she wouldn't say no.

"Let's go tuh home," she said quietly. Peace felt that a big decision should be preceded by sufficient reflection. With evident disappointment but no further reference to his wonderful proposition, Bert spun the car round and drove to Mingo. When he pulled up in front of Mennick's, Peace climbed out gracefully and smiling, said, "So long. See you soon—but not to-night," she added.

That evening Peace spent alone with her thoughts. She recalled reading about the number of hopeful, youthful beauties who trek to Hollywood, are promptly rejected by the studios and become, instead of high-salaried actresses, lowly paid chambermaids or hard working waitresses. She knew that as regards looks she was trim and attractive but no ravishing, languishing ox-eyed siren. And more important than a correct appreciation of her chances to make the screen, Peace realized that when a girl is two thousand miles from home and without a job, she is more likely to yield to the wishes of an ardent suitor than when fortified by the presence of her family and in possession of a salaried position. As matters stood she had a secure, honorable place in the community. Why then leave a good home, a sure if small income, an unblemished reputation and seek afar a parentless home, a problematic position, and perhaps return to Mingo with a tarnished name? Peace knew her hill people, and when a mountain lass deserts her folks and her mountains to sally forth with a stranger, she may come back with a character unsullied, but not so

her reputation. And what of Judd's love for her? Peace never bothered much about the disappointments and pangs of others (what girl cares for love wounds except her own?), and still it didn't seem quite right to pull out on Judd without a syllable to soothe his feelings. For leaving with Bert would naturally be looked upon as an elopement and easily equivalent to closing forever the door of hope to Judd Cook.

Nevertheless Peace found suasive reasons for going to Hollywood, for going to possible riches and stardom. She did not dote on continuing as a village schoolmarm in a backwoods community until age stole her charms and edged her temper. Judd was honest, strong, trustworthy; but why, after all, marry a man whom one scarcely loves? Mingo was a quiet, homey place but a boringly small world. And lost reputation in case of failure and return, what of it? To achieve success a girl does not have to make excursions off the path of maidenly virtue, not even in sin-scarred, speckle-famed Hollywood. If unkind neighbors thought ill of her, that was their mistake.

The clock on the mantel was pointing past eleven when Peace summed up the pros and cons, made her decision and prepared for bed. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes she lay beneath the clean sheets, but sleep was not "just around the corner." She continued thinking, reflecting that another school term was just about over; yes, only three more days. She recalled that Bert said he would be leaving in less than a week. She visualized herself in the studio taking try-outs, succeeding, associating with fixed stars in the movie firmament, receiving a handsome salary, living amid luxury and glamour. Added to these alluring prospects was the vision of romance, and what womanly heart does not thrill to the thought of romance, past and future, possible and actual? Yes, Peace could shut her eyes and see herself hobnobbing with Romance in romantic Hollywood. Several times images of prosaic Judd intruded into her lyric thoughts only to receive peremptory dismissals. Peace once more renewed her resolve to acquaint Bert with her choice on the morrow and fell asleep.

Next day when class hours were over and the children gone, Peace suffered surprise, chagrin. Bert was one hundred per cent invisible. Peace had walked the distance from the school on the ridge to her home in the thorpe below for three years, and, naturally, frequent travel had made those two miles seem comparatively short. But after riding over the same route for two weeks, the walk now appeared long, fatiguing. With a touch of bitterness in her little heart, Peace gathered together her belongings and started down the road. She didn't have to cover the entire stretch with her mincing steps, for here came Bert driving up the road to meet her.

"Good day, fair damsel," he said in a bantering tone as the car halted alongside of Peace. "Wouldst mount into my goodly chariot and voyage hence with me?"

His smooth, cheery tone made Peace quickly forget her recent peeve, she beamed a rich smile and stepped into the car.

"Whither away, noble knight?" she queried in the same quaint style as Bert shoved in the gears and drove up the road.

"To get an answer from my lady love. Yesterday I did put her an proper question some distance up yonder road. I go again to seek her reasoned reply."

When the pair reached the spot where they had parked the previous day, Bert again stopped the car and said in a sort of declarative interrogation.

"Methinks my sweet Diana hath her answer ready?"

The decisive moment had arrived and Peace was surprised at the matter-of-fact way she told Bert that she would accept his invitation, follow his advice and hazard her fortune in distant Hollywood. She was not yet formally entering another walk in life; she had not yet chosen to quit single blessedness and seek shared happiness, but Peace did believe that she was taking a long step toward a double change of status. Anyway, the die was cast and now for arrangements to cross her Rubicon.

On the way home Bert and Peace settled some immediate details for their impending departures. The school term would end in two days and on the next Peace was to catch the morning train for Ashland and thence go on to Louisville. Bert was to drive the car back to Cincinnati and arrive in Louisville a day later. Saturday the great Kentucky Derby would be run, so they'd see that classic race and then skip merrily across the continent.

Next day Peace packed her clothes unobserved, went to withdraw her savings and then lingered on the main street hoping to see Judd once more,—not indeed to reveal her imminent departure but to assure herself that he still cared. Oddly enough a woman wants to hold an admirer even though she does not return his love. But Judd was nowhere to be seen, and her casual questions concerning his whereabouts went begging answers. At long last Peace realized that Judd had dropped out of her life recently, in fact ever since the welcomed advent of Bert Redding. She had all but forgotten him during the last fortnight, and now when she wanted to see him she could not.

A smoky train had left Ashland miles behind and was climbing the grade toward Mount Sterling. One of its few passengers, a small creature whose birth-certificate belied her looks, was staring at the dirty coach window and showing no interest in the receding country. A pretty, slightly puckered face betrayed a busy brain. Peace was thinking about her *"modus vivendi,"* while *en route* to the Golden State. What precisely did Bert intend? Was he going to pay her fare across the country? That would be a considerable sum. Then too, there would be Pullman expenses, and a hotel bill at St. Louis, perhaps another at Kansas City, a third at Denver and so on. No, she could not in conscience allow him to pay. And yet, he had invited, urged her to come West; it was, in a way, his party and why not let him pay the bills? But would not this procedure compromise her not a little? Suppose she did pay her own way to Hollywood, remained there some weeks and in the end failed to obtain a placement. Pretty expensive. And what about the marriage proposal she half expected, half feared? Was this, or was this not, included in the unmentioned part of Bert's plans?

The hours dragged between Winchester and Louisville, and Peace continued to ponder her quizzical

situation. Miles to the north of her across the broad Ohio a dapper young man was driving a nifty roadster along the road to Portsmouth. Perplexing thoughts were also occupying his mind. If the girl he was scheduled to meet down at Louisville went westward with him, what treatment did she expect? Was she ready to bow to circumstances? He had been thinking of her delay in accepting what he considered a generous proposition, and concluded that she was a not overly grateful miss. And that other difficulty. What if this mountain miss failed to rate a place in the studios? She was attractive enough in the flesh, but what about in the pictures? Also, she was just a trifle off in stature. If she didn't qualify for a rôle, what was he going to do? just laugh and say, "Better run on home to your folks, little girl. You'll make a good school teacher"? Would he tie up more or less permanently with this innocent chit from the backwoods? Hardly. He'd made her a proposition but not a proposal. As long as his fair job and good looks stayed with him, he'd be a lady's man but not a marrying man. By the time he reached the outskirts of the Queen City, Redding had decided to play his cards quite otherwise than he first intended. He drove at once to the garage, returned the rented car, sent two telegrams, went to a hotel and to bed.

About the same time Bert was registering at his hotel Peace was trying to obtain accommodations for the night, for Louisville hostelries are crowded to the very attics during Derby Week. The search for lodging plus the full day's travel made Peace very tired, and fatigue made her less sanguine than ever about the outcome of her venture. At noon to-morrow she was to meet Bert in the lobby of the Realback Hotel. Should she keep the tryst and continue westward with Bert, or boldly tell him that she had made use of the famous feminine trait, changed her mind? Or, would it not be wiser simply never to appear at the rendezvous and quietly hasten back to her native mountains? Again Peace had to make a choice.

Peace arose late the next morning, dressed and descended to the dining-room. For the first time in her conscious life she experienced a tinge of timidity, which feeling probably accounted for her taking a secluded corner table. Not five minutes after she had seated herself for breakfast three spirited girls of noticeable beauty, aided however by skillful make-ups and tasty dresses, entered the dining-room, all chatting noisily. The talkative trio took possession of the table next to Peace and filled the corner with their loud voices, for beauty and breeding are not always found together.

"So good old Bert's going to meet us here in Louisville!" This from the blonde in the blue outfit.

"Well, girlies, that's a good un, a bit of luck. We can count on his seeing us through the pay-gate at the Downs," put in the auburn-haired jade.

Peace missed at least two heartbeats. Did these boisterous golddiggers hail from Hollywood, and did they by any wild chance refer to Bert Redding?

"Lemme see that tel'gram again, Blondy," commanded the slim, slack-bodied brunette.

The golden-haired doll handed her the yellow slip.

"Fellow countrygirls," said the brunette, "this is nertzy. A night letter from Cincy. The outside world at last hears from the man in the mountain. Handsome Bert Redding was to skip West with a nice girl from the Cumberlands but changed his mind and wants us to show him a good time in Louisville. Says to shy off our usual hotel, the Realback. Hump, must be the spot his maid of the mountains was supposed to meet him. Gee, wouldn't we give a long kiss and a bag of peanuts to glue eyes on Bert's jolly li'tle sweetheart of the 'ills? Hope she doesn't have to walk back home."

Peace's breakfast consisted of a painful shock, important, very important information and a cup of good coffee. She left the table, and with her short, fast steps marched out of the dining-room. Four days ago she had made a choice; last night she felt in a quandary. Thanks to luck and loud voices she had plain sailing now. Like most girls she had been so sure of her judgment of men, so certain that Bert was in love with her and now—. Fortunately not a soul need know of her misadventure. She would stay over for the Derby, use that gala event as a plausible excuse for her otherwise unexplained visit to the Kentucky metropolis, and return to Mingo on Monday.

A good cry in the privacy of her room helped to relieve injured feelings, and in half an hour Peace wanted to be outside, wanted to seek distraction from self and self's sorrows. Out of the hotel she went and slipped into the flood of humanity pouring down Fourth Avenue. She had not walked more than two blocks when she beheld not five yards away none other than Judd Cook. Too late now to avoid him; he had already spied her. Quickly Peace determined to question first.

"Judd Cook, what 'n earth are you doin' way down here?" Judd looked shy and unwilling to explain his presence, but Peace repeated her question.

"Wal, Peace," said the disconsolate mountaineer, "back our way, when two fellers air aimin' at the same gal, you know hits 'n ol' custom fer the menfolks ter come ter the 'house togither and fer the gal ter choose which un she wants. I knowed you'd 'ave picked thet thar new feller o' yourn, so I jest up and left fer a spell. Why er you here?"

Peace hesitated before replying and when she did speak she let Judd's direct question go unanswered.

"Yes, Juddy," she said, "back in our country sometimes the lady must choose openly, but I'll not choose my man—not soon anyway."

WHAT ABOUT STAGE CENSORSHIP?

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

A DISTINGUISHED man of letters was once walking down Fifth Avenue with his beautiful but impulsive wife when he noticed that more than the ordinary glances were being cast in their direction, and turning towards his companion discovered that she had discarded her hat and allowed her long hair to flow down her back.

"I have a headache," she explained nonchalantly.

He made no comment but, after a few steps, paused to take off his own coat and waistcoat.

"What *are* you doing?" she asked.

"Just taking off my clothes," said he, "I feel a little warm." She watched him pull off his necktie, then she twisted up her hair and put on her hat. He bowed gravely, resumed his coat and they continued their walk.

That is an example of indirect censorship.

There is more of it in our lives than we realize. The common Continental *DEFENSE DE: E VIETATO: ES IST VERBOTEN* ring harshly in America where *FORBIDDEN* boils down to *PLEASE* KEEP OFF THE GRASS—a modest plea usually unheeded. As a nation we have the same enthusiasm for making laws as for breaking them. Our forty-eight State legislatures pass futile hours enacting statutory prohibitions for future legislators to repeal or forget. The average motorist takes manly pride in exceeding the speed which is regulated for his own safety. Yet there is an unwritten code which few are courageous enough to flaunt. Is there a man brave enough to wear a straw hat in New York in March? Social laws when Society is spelled with a capital S are strangely potent. Table manners have proved an efficient check on gluttony, while fashion in certain spheres sets a standard for modesty and even morals. Aside from the religious ban, the strongest deterrent to divorce has been social stigma; it is as important a factor as eternal punishment in upholding the Decalogue. Our legal system and our social usage form a gigantic network of censorship designed to save man individually and severally from himself. But the strength of social censorship lies mainly in the fact that it is indirect. No young lady would dream of going to a ball at the Ritz in a bathing suit, yet were a city ordinance ever promulgated forbidding beach apparel on a dance floor, most likely some girl would feel bound to defy it. Few women ever thought of entering a bar until prohibition introduced them to the "speakeasies."

Although men have died by the million for religious freedom, they have accepted a certain amount of spiritual censorship throughout ancient, classical and medieval society. The very "protesters" turned Puritan were the most drastic in discipline, but as the chief butt of their resentment was always the theater, the American theater has

cherished a traditional horror of censorship. The intensity of the Puritan distrust has made American literature almost unique in its early disregard for the dramatic form. Open any literary history of America and up to the nineteenth century, you will find no mention of a dramatist. Barrett Wendell remarks, "So far the American Theater has produced no work which can claim serious consideration." That was in 1901. The New England renaissance kept itself transcendently pure from theatrical taint.

From the vehemence of the hue and cry when stage censorship is mentioned, one might think that the whole fabric of democracy were threatened. On the other hand, there persists an earnest and pessimistic minority who predict the complete collapse of our social system if our stage is not purified. I quote Mr. O. O. McIntyre writing for the New York *American:*

"Tuck this away in the membrane of memory and remember some day soon what I told you. The New York stage will be under rigid censorship before many months. Perhaps before the season is over. . . . The reason is quite simple. The Producers getting away with a little dirt have run hog wild. In the language of their world, they have gone screwie. Such an exhibit as *Tobacco Road,* banned in several other cities, is really mint tea stuff compared to the crude lines exploited in half a dozen other highly successful plays.

"Each week brings some libidinous scene or smutty line that is a shocker. Slop jar theatricals in New York pay and when anything off color pays, there are plenty of nitwits to overdo it."

As it is always popular to picture the iniquities of Wall Street and Broadway to the rest of the nation, this eloquent sample of "journalese" which is a syndicated message, has no doubt been quoted in pulpit and club room with bated horror. But let us examine the facts to see if we cannot find some little consolation in the circumstances. Here is a list of the current successes during the week of March 9th-14th with their box office receipts as recorded by *Variety.* The amounts may not be guaranteed as exact but our interest lies in the comparative values.

Victoria Regina	$23,000
St. Joan	22,000
**Boy Meets Girl*	18,000
First Lady	16,000
Call It a Day	16,000
**Dead End*	15,000
End of Summer	14,000
Pride and Prejudice	13,000
**Three Men on a Horse*	10,000
Ethan Frome	10,000
Libel	9,000
Tobacco Road	8,000
Night of January 16th	7,000
Russet Mantle	6,000
Co-respondent Unknown	6,000

Under $6,000 a play can only continue on a percentage basis; under $10,000, it can hardly be called "highly successful." I have marked with an asterisk those with decent plots which have some questionable lines or profanity. There are three of them among the successes. But the plays of dubious morals are at the bottom of the list. It is reassuring to know that *Pride and Prejudice* yields twice the receipts of *Russet Mantle* and that *First Lady* nearly trebles *Co-respondent Unknown.* An empty seat would

be a curiosity for *Victoria Regina* yet where is the "smutty line"? The fairest comparison may lie between the two trial plays, *Libel* and *Night of January 16th*. In the latter the story is disagreeable and unsavory, the evidence grimy, yet, although there is decided novelty in the paying each night of a jury chosen from the audience, *Libel* has steadily bettered the earnings of *January 16th* and *Libel* is in perfectly good taste. *Co-respondent Unknown* and *Russet Mantle* are both delinquent morally, but that seems to be their undoing rather than their profit. I admit that although *Dead End* is full of economic and social significance, too much of its language savors of the waterfront, but I would challenge any assertion that that is why the audience is interested. Some novel censorship was practiced on *Dead End* on the opening night when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children stepped in and said that unless some of the more objectionable phrases in the dialogue were deleted they would rescind the license for the juniors in the cast. As the plot is concerned with a gang of street urchins who are rapidly following the footsteps of the famous gangster who has returned incognito to look over his neighborhood, the play would have been forced to close without its small boys. Unfortunately the "Gerry" Society, having expurgated the lines of the minors, did not censor the whole dialogue which, though probably mild from a strictly realistic standpoint, is grating to those who appreciate the warning message of the play, a warning which should have doubled the subscriptions this winter to the Boys' Club and the Boy Scouts.

It is difficult to make the public realize that the deletion of sacrilegious oaths and ugly words really rests with it. If everyone who objected to bad language in the theater, wrote at once to the management, the curses would soon be eliminated. After all the producers' business is to please their patrons. Those in the audience who are accustomed to using swear words themselves will hardly notice them on the stage, but I cannot believe that they are the majority. Such important managers as the Theater Guild, Sam H. Harris, Max Gordon and Guthrie McClintic have already proved themselves more than willing to coöperate. Will you write to the management the next time you hear Christ's name profaned? You will if it really hurts you.

It is difficult for me to believe that any normal person deliberately chooses a play just because it is pornographic. Even *Tobacco Road*, bad as it is, has something besides filth to attract the crowds. The fate of the Jeeters presents a problem of keen interest. Will they be turned out of their miserable shack —will the little girl escape? When the mother saves her at the cost of her own life, the whole theater becomes involved in the tragedy. It is therefore not fair to denounce *Tobacco Road* as dependent entirely upon dirt. The stage is literally covered with barrels of it, but I should like to believe that it is not the dirt that has filtered through to their souls but the heart-rending starkness of the struggle which has anchored the Jeeters to our boards.

Were there stage censorship it would be the critics who would chiefly benefit. They have to sample the theatrical tripe which is so quickly rejected by the public. The

only hideous memories of the stage are those which fortunately few can share as the plays endured for only a few weeks or a few nights. There was one this winter which was aptly characterized as "vermin drama" from which even the first-night audience walked out. Had it been ordered to close, we would have undoubtedly been told that a masterpiece had been driven off the stage by the prudes, and little theaters would have been proud to give it private production. As it was, the reviewers—who were half the audience—were the sufferers. All the most prurient plays this winter have gone the same way—costing their producers good money. It is New York's pride that not even the inimitable Lunt-Fontanne combination could make the depravities of Noel Coward's *Point Valaine* digestible.

I do uphold police interference in the case of such plays as *The Captive*. It does no one any good to air abnormalities. One of the most objectionable repercussions from such a play was that it made an ordinarily forgotten subject a target for conversation. Art is not so limited in its field that it needs to jump down into the gutter. Admitting the excellence of *The Children's Hour* as a play and as a production, I concur with the judges of the 1935 Pulitzer Prize in thinking it a dangerous precedent for an award, although I have always maintained that popular interest in the play was aroused not because of the forbidden ground on which it trespassed but because of the universal implications of its major theme—the terrible consequences of judging our neighbors too hastily. Mr. Hammond, having reluctantly seen the screen version of the story admitted in the *Herald Tribune* that "it is still a good play even when deprived of its poisonous implications and that its *bizarre plain dealing is unnecessary to its success.*" He surmised that *The Children's Hour* would have earned more money had it been written originally as *These Three* (the title on the screen). A most unexpected comment.

Naturally the most potent argument for stage censorship at this moment is the proof of what it has done for the screen. The response of Hollywood to the public's appeal was so instant, thorough and successful that the appreciation seems quite inadequate. One heard many denunciations but "Thank you" has not been so audible, yet few public corporations have lived up more completely to their pledges than the Motion Picture industry. To avoid the hazard of risking the huge amount of capital tied up in their productions, they have their own committee review the film while it is still in the process of being "cut"; long before it reaches the National Board. I know from personal experience how careful the Hollywood censors are about the material. Had the Broadway producers any such coöperative committee, it would no doubt save them many thousands of dollars. In fact I believe censorship would benefit the profession more than it would the public. Nine-tenths of the plays which have been desolate failures this winter would never have passed the Hollywood censors. Should censorship come, this would seem to be the best and fairest solution. The Motion Picture industry feels no resentment about the censorship of the screen, as the scenarios and films are censored in the very act

of creation. Were an official O.K. necessary before some of the flagrantly bad MSS. are put in circulation a great deal of money would be saved for the producers, the actors and the perennial private optimist who likes to speculate in the theater. There are a great many of them. The authors might object to jeopardizing an occasional advance royalty—but five weeks' work for two weeks' pay hardly pays the rank and file of the actors.

Personal liberty has never been a dead letter issue with the British citizen, yet Englishmen are quite willing to submit to stage censorship—with some grumbles. In England the stage censorship is the Lord Chamberlain who represents the King and no political party; the King being not only the head of the English Church but the arbiter of Society—with a capital. Claiming no literary or artistic acumen, the Lord Chamberlain merely endeavors as an upright gentleman to interpret the royal tradition of propriety. London was spared *Point Valaine* and *Design for Living*, which was the most insidiously immoral and wicked comedy of modern times, but, as it is bad form for either the person of the deity or the reigning royal family to be seen on the stage, England must do without *The Green Pastures* or *Victoria Regina*. Mr. Laurence Housman is entirely resigned to the latter verdict as he never expected to see it played anywhere, but the most vigorous protests have come from Queen Mary!

My conclusions on the whole subject of stage censorship are as follows: Censorship of plays *after* their production is always dangerous. It not only gives poor ones unnecessary publicity but advertises their objectionable features. Censoring plays *during* production presents too many personal equations. Actors are most unwilling to sacrifice scenes which offer strong emotion or humor. Playwrights are not easy to handle. The passing on MSS. of the drama is very difficult for the nonprofessional. In any appointed board there is always the danger of favoritism unless the MSS. are offered anonymously. It seems far more intelligent for the Producing Managers' Association to draft certain regulations as a standard and for the playwright to obtain from them an O.K. before he offers his MS. to any agent. Hollywood has succeeded in pulling itself up by its bootstraps. It is now for Broadway to profit by the lesson taught it this winter that "Excelsior" pays.

THE OUTLOOK FOR WAR

And the Catholic Conception of Peace[1]

By Parker Thomas Moon

THE fall of Addis Ababa was announced a few minutes before I sat down to write this review of a book on the age-old Catholic doctrines of peace and international justice. In the coincidence there was perhaps a little irony, but there was also a suggestion that truth is just as timely as it is timeless, for the most timely and the truest commentary on the latest dispatches from Ethiopia is to be found in the teachings of a philosophy that is centuries old yet ever up to date.

The real conflict in the Ethiopian war, as well as in the Franco-German feud and in the Far Eastern situation and in a dozen other cases, is between opposing conceptions of international right and justice. Anthony Eden has one conception, *Il Duce* the antithesis. M. Flandin of France takes one view, *Der Fuehrer* another. The debate is not confined to these four men. The disputants are legion and the discord nearly universal. In almost every civilized nation, including our own, pacifists and militarists, isolationists and interventionists, neutralists and sanctionists, nationalists and internationalists are at odds on fundamental questions of international law and justice, which are essentially questions of moral philosophy. On the answers given to these questions hangs the fate not only of Ethiopia, or of Mongolia, or of the League, but also, in all probability, of the particular variety of civilization which has developed in Europe and America.

The next world war, if there is to be one, will assuredly be more ruthless than the last war. This is not prophecy; it is simply a recognition of the fact that the former rules of international law for protection of noncombatant men, women and children have been so flagrantly disregarded since 1914 that to put faith in them now would be folly. Nor is the gift of prophecy needed to predict that aërial bombardment of great cities will be attempted on a large scale. The air fleets are now ready, and many a city, at least in Europe, is preparing defense measures — measures in which only an optimist can have full confidence. The most important respect, however, in which the next great war bids fair to surpass the last, is in the opportunity it will afford for Communist revolution.

In 1914 Lenin was a rather obscure exile, yet the War brought Europe to such a pass that Communism triumphed throughout the vast empire of Russia, mastered Hungary for a time, came close to conquering Poland, and showed enough strength in Germany, France, and Italy to alarm responsible statesmen in Western Europe. In 1936, if war should come, the opportunity for revolution would

[1] A review of *The Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations*. By John Eppstein. Prepared under the auspices of the Catholic Council for International Relations and published for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace by Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London.

present itself not to a few exiles, but to powerful Communist parties with millions of adherents and sympathizers, and with potential leaders experienced in the technique of revolution, and with the great armed power of Russia available, if the Soviet government should decide to use it for the spread of revolution. Revolution and war are linked in Communist thought. They should be considered together in any estimate of what the future holds for a world unable to substitute "the moral force of Right" for "the material force of arms."[2]

It would require a good deal of pessimism and not a little presumption to say that war and revolution are just around the corner. Political prophets thought the accession of Hitler would be the signal for war in 1933; others favored the year 1935, because France would then face a crisis in military man-power due to the low birth rate of the World War period; Mussolini predicted, nine years ago, that the "crucial point in European history" would fall between 1935 and 1940; another prognosticator has picked 1936 and 1937 as the perilous years; England seems to be preparing for a supreme challenge at an early date; Soviet Russia, whose leaders are surely not lacking in astuteness, has been working feverishly, these past two years, to put her land and air forces in readiness for war in the near future. With the wisdom of hindsight we now know that the predictions of a great war in 1933, in 1934, in 1935, did not come true. Moreover, recent events have given some comfort to those of us who hope that the prophecies of war for 1936 and 1937 will prove equally false. Hitler has emphatically repudiated any intention of conquest in Europe; Mussolini, having conquered Ethiopia, declares that Italy is now one of the satisfied powers, willing to work for peace. Not only did France fail to seize the opportunity, a year ago, when she might have crushed Germany, but in the elections this spring the French voters have given a majority to the Leftist parties which favor peace and internationalism. The dangerous disputes between Poland and Germany over Danzig and the Polish Corridor may not have been finally settled, but they have at least been put on the ice since 1934 by the Polish-German non-aggression pact. Readers familiar with diplomatic chicanery will doubtless be justified in taking a slightly skeptical attitude toward some of the lip-service which dictators and diplomats are now paying to peace. Yet it is possible on "realistic" grounds to hope that before the next great war we may still have a year, or two, or even several years of the present armed truce. While the truce continues, we still have opportunity to strive for peaceful solution of the problems which have brought us so close to disaster.

That the League of Nations has not yet found the solution, seems to be popularly conceded, especially since the League's sanctions have failed to halt Mussolini's troops or to protect Ethiopia from conquest. Hardly less tragic was the failure of the League, the Briand-Kellogg Pact, the Nine-Power Treaty, and Colonel Stimson's remonstrances to check Japan's military imperialism in Manchuria and North China. The long-continued Chaco war in South America was a most significant proof of the weakness not only

[2] Letter of Benedict XV. to the Leaders of the Belligerent Peoples, August 1, 1917.

of the Covenant but of our Pan-American pacts. The moral breakdown has gone so far that even the traditional doctrine of the sanctity of treaties—*pacta sunt servanda*—is now flouted. Hitler's cool violation of the Versailles Treaty in 1935 and of the celebrated Locarno Pact in 1936 was roundly condemned by resolutions of the League Council; but treaty violation succeeded so well that presently the British Foreign Office very politely inquired just what other treaty clauses the German Government intended to scrap.

Peace pacts, the Covenant, and even the principles of traditional international law have shown signs of collapse under the stress of the extreme nationalism and violent imperialism of these last years. If the collapse is definitive, it may prove to be a turning-point in history. Through several centuries of modern history one can trace the development of nationalism, imperialism, and the technique of scientific industrialized warfare, until a climax was reached in 1914. The World War was unique in the magnitude of its devastating effects. By its unprecedented destructiveness the War provoked an equally unprecedented peace movement. Great wars have often been followed by pacifist reactions, but never before had there been anything to compare with the post-War peace drive. Taken all together, the League Covenant, the World Court, the Briand-Kellogg Pact, the Locarno Pact, the Pan-American peace agreements, the Four-Power Pacific Pact, the Nine-Power Treaty on China, the attempt to federate Europe, the disarmament conferences, the proposals for an Eastern Locarno, the General Act for the Pacific Settlement of Disputes, and an extensive network of minor arbitration and non-aggression treaties may be fairly described as an unparalleled attempt of statesmanship to set up a new world order of peace on the basis of ethical principles.

In the actual conduct of diplomacy and still more in public opinion an astonishing change occurred after 1918. It was almost an ethical revolution. Backward nations had always been the prey of the powers, but now they were admitted to a League of Nations as equals and their independence was guaranteed by the Covenant. In the rough-and-tumble days of pre-War imperialism it was permissible for a British government to threaten China with war unless certain railroad contracts were granted to British firms. That actually happened. China granted the contracts. But under the new ethics of the 1920's, gunboat methods of super-salesmanship were held to be immoral. Back in the gay nineties Theodore Roosevelt probably felt no pricking of conscience when he wrote to Senator Lodge, "This country needs a war," nor was he ashamed to declare that a war with Spain would be beneficial to "our military forces by trying both the Army and Navy in actual practice."[3] Compare those sentiments with the utterances of Franklin Roosevelt, and the ethical gulf between them is evident. The old conception of war as the right of every sovereign State, the most glorious expression of patriotism, the highest function of statesmanship, the proper means of healthy national expansion, the habit of every virile nation, the natural method of evolution for the selection of the fittest—all this was

[3] Pringle, *Theodore Roosevelt*, pp. 167, 178.

repudiated both by statesmen and by peace societies in the hopeful 1920's. Under the new dispensation, war of conquest and war of policy were condemned as crimes. Defensive war and collective action against an aggressor were still to be permitted, but if all nations respected their pledges against unjust war, there would no longer be need for self-defense or for sanctions. War of all kinds would be ended absolutely and forever. Armaments would be reduced toward the vanishing point. Arbitration, conciliation, and a World Court would substitute right for might among the nations.

Has post-War diplomacy failed to achieve this goal because of some fatal predilection of mankind for bloodshed, or because the League was in some way defective, or because the methods were clumsy, or because the ethical principles underlying the whole endeavor were essentially mistaken? The notion that all men are born with an instinct to wear gas masks and operate tanks seems somewhat fantastic. About the defects of the League and of diplomatic procedure much could be said, but not here. The basic problem is the question of principle. Methods and techniques could be improved, if we were only sure of the purpose. The real difficulty now is that people are so uncertain as to whether peace or justice is the true goal; whether nations with more than their share of the world's wealth have the right to safeguard their (often ill-gotten) possessions by adopting a new set of rules for the game; whether aggrieved "have-nots" are justified in seizing a Manchuria or an Ethiopia by force; whether national sovereignty or international responsibility is the supreme law; whether pacifists should or should not refuse to fight in any future war.

Almost unknown to many of us is the rich store of Catholic teaching and tradition on these fundamental questions of international morality. "Few students have the means, or the knowledge of languages, to discover in the works of the Greek and Latin Fathers, the Bullaria or Acta of the Popes, the works of the Schoolmen and of the theologians of recent centuries, the principal passages which indicate the development of Catholic doctrine upon peace and war, military service, arbitration, the community of nations, and all the rights and duties to which their mutual interdependence gives rise." Moreover, "it is even more difficult to follow the trend of thought concerning the contemporary problems of international law, politics and economics as expressed by authoritative Catholic theologians and publicists. . . ." So writes Mr. John Eppstein in the preface to his volume on *The Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations*. This new book fills an urgent need and fills it admirably. With fine scholarship and penetrating intelligence, Mr. Eppstein traces the Catholic tradition not merely of international "law" but of international justice in the broadest sense, from the time of our Lord down through the centuries to the present day. Much of the volume consists of careful translations of the pertinent passages from papal utterances and from patristic, scholastic, and modern writings. Wisely the author has been generous in letting the Doctors of the Church speak for themselves. He has been careful, too, and this is a rare virtue, not to

quote short phrases or single sentences out of their context. Along with the quotations, Mr. Eppstein gives the reader a valuable running commentary, tersely portraying the historical background, interpreting the texts, and summarizing the trend of thought in each age.

For so useful and so excellent a work, a very large measure of gratitude is owed, by Catholics especially but also by non-Catholic scholars, to Mr. Eppstein himself, to Mr. Robbert Wilberforce who suggested the enterprise, to Professor James T. Shotwell who brought it to fruition, and to the Carnegie Endowment which sponsored it.

The vast field of Christian doctrine on international relations has been covered in part, and from different points of view, before Eppstein's work appeared. Students of international law appreciate Dr. James Brown Scott's scholarly work on *The Catholic Conception of International Law. Weltkirche und Weltfriede*, by the Rev. Franziskus Stratmann, has been translated as *The Church and War* and has been eagerly read in many countries. Josef Müller's *Das Friedenswerke der Kirche in dem letzten drei Jahrhunderten* is now being translated for the Catholic Association for International Peace. Don Luigi Sturzo's *The International Community and the Right of War* was and is worth careful reading. In French there are brilliant discussions of the subject by Monsignor Batiffol, Yves de la Brière, and Georges Goyau. Excellent brief treatments of *The Ethics of War, International Ethics*, and *The Catholic Church and Peace Efforts* have been published by the Catholic Association for International Peace. Perhaps I should not have attempted to mention specific titles: there are so many that any short list is misleading. Mr. Eppstein's volume, however, so well combines the advantages of comprehensiveness, convenience, accuracy and insight that it should become an indispensable manual for students of international relations.

The survey begins, of course, with the very sources of Christian doctrine in the sayings of Jesus Christ and in the acts and epistles of His apostles. With a modern touch that rather startles the reviewer, Mr. Eppstein stresses the fact that although "the stage was set, according to human calculations, for a passionate if tragic uprising of the national spirit [of the Jews], with the young carpenter-prophet of Nazareth as the Garibaldi of the scene," nevertheless all hopes of "self-determination" for the Jews "were dashed with the sentence 'My kingdom is not of this world.'" The Son of God was not "merely a nationalist leader." The mission of Jesus Christ was "essentially supranational." He bade His apostles to "teach *all* nations" and His apostles soon overstepped all racial and national barriers. War between Christians "would appear to be an utter violation" of the commandment "love one another." We are reminded that the mark by which the disciples of Jesus Christ are to be known, according to His own words, is the simple but searching test, "if you have love one for another." One wonders how any Christian, remembering those words, can preach international hatred.

On the other hand, Mr. Eppstein finds in the New Testament no condemnation of patriotism, nor of the military profession. Authority is from God, and authority includes

"the use of force for justice's sake." But the very fact that Christians have "political solidarity" with the State implies that the State should follow "the same precepts of justice and charity which guide Christians individually."

During the first three centuries of Christianity, differences of opinion arose. Some of the early Fathers of the Church, interpreting very literally the words of rebuke that were addressed to Peter when he drew his sword, condemned all war and all military service. Tertullian felt that a soldier should lay aside his weapons as soon as he became a believer. Lactantius held that "it is always unlawful to put a man to death." Origen, however, distinguished between just and unjust wars. Many of the early saints and martyrs, moreover, were soldiers. The whole situation was further complicated, as long as the Roman Empire remained pagan, by the fact that soldiers were often expected to worship the Emperor.

Mr. Eppstein's conclusions regarding this period are well taken, but not obvious. He finds that the principle is already established, in Christian thought, that citizens owe obedience to the State, Christian or not. Despite the arguments of "the pacifist philosopher," the blood of soldier-martyrs establishes the right of Christians to bear arms. But Christians can render unto Cæsar only what is due Cæsar; they must not give idolatrous worship to the Emperor. Mr. Eppstein is quick to suggest that we may read "State, People, Nation" in place of "Emperor." Moreover, even though Christians may be soldiers, there remains "an insuperable, fundamental Christian hatred of war."

After the Roman Empire became Christian, the problem was transformed, although the principles remained the same. It was no longer a question of fighting for a pagan emperor, but of defending Christian civilization against barbarian invasions. More clearly appeared the virtue of "fortitude, which in war preserves the country from the barbarians, or helps the sick at home, or defends one's neighbours from robbers," to quote St. Ambrose. At the same time, the responsibility of distinguishing between just and unjust wars became more serious. St. Ambrose uttered a warning that was timely in his day, and even more pertinent in 1936. There are times, he said, "when courage without justice is the source of injustice. For the stronger one is the more prompt to oppress the weaker. And I consider that, in the matter of war, care must be taken to see whether the wars are just or unjust."

How to tell whether wars were just or unjust, that was the question answered by St. Augustine. One might write a whole volume of modern diplomatic history around St. Augustine's words: "The desire for harming, the cruelty of avenging, an unruly and implacable animosity, the rage of rebellion, the lust of domination and the like—these are the things which are to be blamed in war . . ." Just wars, on the other hand, "are usually defined as those which avenge injuries" . . . for "it is the wrongdoing of the opposing party which compels the wise man to wage just wars." Even so, the aggrieved nation should be patient, and if war is resorted to, the purpose must be peace. That is to say, the victor must seek to provide "for enjoying in peace the mutual bond of piety

and justice." Neither the absolute pacifist nor the aggressive militarist will get much comfort from St. Augustine, but in his letter to Darius, written in the mellow wisdom of his last years, St. Augustine gives this epigrammatic encouragement to those who work for peace: "But it is a higher glory still to slay war itself with the word, than men with the sword . . ."

In the Middle Ages the Augustinian doctrine was elaborated. The necessity of a formal declaration was emphasized, perhaps because informal private warfare had become so prevalent. War against infidels and barbarian invaders was justified too unreservedly by Gratian. But the master-philosopher, the Angelic Doctor, put more emphasis on justice, still more on charity. St. Thomas Aquinas recognized that a war may be just (that was more obvious in the thirteenth century than it is now), but he stated three conditions, the third of which is not easy to fulfill. A just war must be (1) declared by the prince (let us say, by the government), (2) for a just cause, as defined by St. Augustine, and (3) with a right intention. Even though war may be properly declared and for a just cause, "it may nevertheless be rendered illicit by the perversity of the intention of him who makes it."

The restrictions on the right of war were made still more stringent, or at any rate more explicit, by the "neo-scholastics," the great Jesuit and Dominican moral theologians of early modern times. Even in an extended review it is impossible even to enumerate all the principles laid down by Vittoria and Suarez for the limitation of war. Very interesting and very modern is Vittoria's powerful statement that "if a subject is convinced of the injustice of a war, he ought not to serve in it, even on the command of his prince." Still more important is Vittoria's conclusion that although the specific cause may be just, "if war is made with advantage to one province or republic, but with loss to the world or to Christendom, I think that that war would be unjust." By that standard, how many modern wars would be just?

Of more recent Catholic theories as to the right of war, Mr. Eppstein gives few—too few, one might complain. The reason given is that "the virus of nationalism has powerfully infected Catholic thinkers at least in Europe . . . during the last two centuries." To the pacific leadership of the Holy See, the response has been "meagre and indeed contemptible." Perhaps it would have been useful to quote some representative nationalistic opinions, if only to show how far they diverged from the main line of Catholic tradition. Instead, our author gives us only a few excerpts from authors "who clearly rise above all sectional considerations." Of these the most interesting, I think, is the statement signed by a group of distinguished French, German and Swiss theologians and professors in the year 1931, cogently arguing that modern war, with modern technique, causes such ruin that it is no longer a means of restoring peace; and further, that governments and citizens, "most of all Christian citizens," have a duty to promote "political, juridical and economic institutions" which will serve the cause of peace.

This thesis of the Fribourg Conventus on the duty of promoting pacific institutions is really the

theme of the next chapters. Going back to that royal and saintly arbitrator, Louis IX., once more reviewing the doctrines of Suarez, Vasquez, Taparelli, and now citing the utterances of recent popes, Mr. Eppstein reaches conclusions which will startle many a reader. Governments are under a moral obligation, he asserts, to establish by "an accord or convention" the necessary institutions of conciliation, arbitration and judicial settlement, and to support such institutions. Nay more, international penal measures or sanctions should be inflicted upon any State which rejects arbitration or refuses to carry out the award. "Once the required institutions of pacific settlement exist the only just war is a war waged for the defence of international order in support of and by the authority of such institutions." Hence, Mr. Eppstein adds, armaments must be reduced to the "lowest point consistent with the maintenance of order . . . and the execution of international sanctions."

All this sounds very much like the Covenant of the League. In fact it goes even further than the Covenant in that it proposes sanctions to compel the submission of disputes to arbitration and the fulfillment of arbitral awards. If this program seems radical, one must remember that it is merely a restatement of the principle of compulsory arbitration which was so explicitly affirmed in the letter of Benedict XV. to the belligerent nations, August 1, 1917. Moreover, Mr. Eppstein argues that arbitration is not only a time-honored Catholic practice, but a logical conclusion to be drawn from traditional doctrine on war, since war is justifiable only as the deplorable but necessary means, when other means are lacking, of redressing injustice.

Up to this point the emphasis has been on condemnation of unjust war, but in Catholic tradition peace is "something very different from the mere *absence of war.*" Quoting popes and philosophers, the author outlines a positive conception of peace as the natural condition of nations, arising from the innate "sociability" of mankind, inseparable from social order, and based not on any cosmopolitan anti-nationalism or uniformity, but upon justice and charity among diverse peoples. Peace, said St. Augustine, "is the tranquillity of order," and order is "the distribution which allots things equal and unequal, each to its own place . . ." Justice is a requisite of such order, but justice alone is not sufficient. As St. Thomas Aquinas affirmed, "justice removes the obstacles to peace." but peace is "the work of charity." *"Pax proprius effectus caritatis."* The doctrine of Aquinas has been confirmed repeatedly by papal pronouncements, but never more eloquently nor in more specific application to contemporary problems than by Benedict XV., in his Encyclical of May 23, 1920. There can be "no stable peace or lasting treaties," the Encyclical declares, "unless there be a return of mutual charity." The law of charity applies to nations as well as to individuals. Drawn together by charity and by mutual need, all nations "should unite in one league, or rather a sort of family of peoples." And they should reduce their armaments. Bishops and priests are exhorted to urge "love of one's neighbor and even of enemies." And it is worth noting that "Catholic writers and journalists" are particularly instructed in this Encyclical to show

charity by abstaining not only from false accusations but also from all bitterness of language.

To the organization of peace three chapters are devoted. The foundation of international law and organization is discovered in "the natural society of nations." The principle of "universal human brotherhood" was for a time confused by wars between Christians and infidels, and between the Holy Roman Emperor and the subordinate princes, but it is the basis of Christian social ethics and even in early modern times it was clearly perceived as the basis of international law by Vittoria, Suarez and others. Pope Pius XI. has restated it with vigor and clarity. And Mr. Eppstein adds excerpts from the illuminating commentaries of two learned Jesuits, Fathers Nell Breuning and Albert Valensin.

More difficult is the question of how best to organize the "positive" or political society of nations. Dante's argument for a universal empire is quoted at length, but the idea of monarchy is rejected. Early modern projects for leagues of princes are cited, but less familiar than the schemes of the Abbé de St. Pierre and Father Crucé, and more significant, are the reasoned arguments of the great Jesuit theologian, Father Taparelli d'Azeglio, whose treatise on natural law was first published in 1846, in Italian. Father Taparelli advocated an "ethnarchic authority," an association of States as equals submitting to a strong collective international authority. There are other documents, too, and above all the Encyclical *Pacem Dei Munus Pulcherrimum*, to support in principle the need for a league of nations. The existing League is candidly and almost vehemently criticized as imperfect. Our generation is still attempting to compromise "between the idolatry of national sovereignty and the common service of mankind." Still, the very imperfection of the present order should spur the Christian citizen to strive for an "organized society of peoples."

An ideal League of Nations, Mr. Eppstein continues, would respect "Divine Rights in Human Society." That is to say, it would recognize God in its Covenant, it would recognize the Vicar of God and seek his disinterested mediation in disputes and his guidance in questions of morality; it would see to the protection of "the rights of religious worship, education and organization" by treaties and even by intervention. Intervention, however, is a risky procedure. "Rashly undertaken it may defeat its own end . . ." International conferences and treaties are to be preferred as the normal means.

The last part of the book deals with the rights of nationality, national minorities, and backward races. Nationality is justified by natural law, approved by theologians, respected in practice by the Church as a vehicle of culture. National self-determination, on the contrary, in the sense of revolution, is condemned unless it fits the familiar but exacting criteria of the right of rebellion. For hysterical and hopeless self-determination Mr. Eppstein has little sympathy. Excessive nationalism is even more severely denounced. Nation-worship "savours both of heresy and idolatry" when it exalts national pride in defiance of moral law or in disregard of the brotherhood of man and the universality of the Church. Between this exaggerated national-

ism and a proper patriotism the distinction has been authoritatively drawn by Pius XI. and ably explained by Catholic writers. In the Catholic tradition there is no false antithesis between true patriotism and international coöperation. Both are legitimate, both necessary, and in combination.

On the rights of national minorities and of backward races, Mr. Eppstein offers a set of extraordinarily interesting theses, with supporting documents. Unfortunately in a review that is already long this rather intricate subject must be all too summarily dismissed. Mr. Eppstein's concluding chapter, however, may be respectfully commended to the attention of Ethiopia's conqueror.

Any one-volume compilation of Catholic thought on so broad a subject must of necessity be selective and must therefore invite captious critics to note the inevitable omissions. The work is really too well done to deserve that kind of criticism. Admittedly the book ignores many a minor writer, many a cross-current of wayward theory. Still the main channel of Catholic tradition is so well marked by major theologians and by papal utterances that its trend seems unmistakable. And its trend, if Mr. Eppstein is as right as I think he is, runs in the direction of even higher standards of justice and international coöperation than either the Covenant or the Kellogg Pact would require.

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

MACBETH IN HARLEM

"Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse."

WHISPERS of horrid and hidden secrets were in the air when Jamie Stuart of Scotland was crowned in England as James I. in 1604. In the crooked streets of Edinburgh; in many a dark glen amidst the heather; in the murk of the deserted kirkyard at North Berwick there were haunted memories of the great trial of witches, thirteen years before, at which James had himself interrogated a number of the seventy defendants. One Geilles Duncan had even played upon a small "Jew's trump" the same dances that she played for Sathan himself when her Witches Coven met on All Hallows E'en for their Sabbat. When Agnes Sampson, the Elder Witch, whispered to James "the verye woordes which passed betweene the King's Majesty and his Queene at Upslo in Norway, the first night of their marriage, with their answere eache to other," the royal incredulity was shattered and in 1597, James published his *Daemonologie* with this note on the frontispiece:

"The fearfull aboundinge in this time, in this countrie of these detestable slaves of the Devill, the Witches or enchaunters . . . hath moved me to preasse thereby, so farre as I can, to resolve the doubting harts of many: both that such assaultes of Sathan are most certainly practized, & that the instrumentes therof, merits most severly to be punished."

Queen's College, Cambridge, is still the recipient of an annuity of £40 from Sir Samuel Cromwell in order that a sermon against witchcraft may be preached every Lady Day in the parish of Huntington where Lady Cromwell languished away from a witch's curse in 1593. Fifty witches were executed in England during the reign of James I., but twenty-three had once perished in one month in James's native land so it is natural when Shakespeare turned to the black side of the spirit world that he should have placed his scene in Scotland where even the fairies had a baleful character. As I was taught *Macbeth* at school, the direct diabolic influences were passed over as allegorical, but I am now convinced that to Shakespeare the powers of evil were as real as they were to King James. There is ample evidence of the importance of the supernatural scenes in the early productions, particularly in the Restoration revivals. In 1672, Davenant gave an almost operatic version of *Macbeth* with some interpolated scenes from Middle-

ton's *Witch*, and on January 7, 1667, Mr. Pepys was greatly delighted at *Macbeth* "with the divertissement though it be a deep tragedy." Harlem is, therefore, strictly within the tradition with its demoniac emphasis.

The present production at the Negro Theater under the ægis of the W.P.A. Federal Theater Project has been conceived and directed by Mr. Orson Welles who was associated with the Gate Theater in Dublin. He has transposed his *Macbeth* to Haiti in 1820 where the Scottish Chief becomes another King Henri Christophe and his castle the palace of Sans Souci in the tropical jungle, where the supernatural background is, of course, the voodoo. The brilliantly effective sets and Directoire costumes are by Nat Karson and cost the astonishingly small sum of $2,400. The music has been arranged by Virgil Thomson and the voodoo dances by Asadata Dafora who presented the sensational African dance series, *Kykunkor*. With the coöperation of John Houseman, the manager, the result is something which leaves one weak and winded. Mr. Welles has been daring in cuts and rearrangements but, condensed into three acts and eight scenes, the structure of the tragedy, revealed in skeleton, and the driving intensity of the story becomes doubly apparent. It is interesting to find how natural the Negro company can make the lines but how completely removed they are from the measured rhythm of the pentameter. The Haitian *Macbeth* opens in the depths of the jungle with the voodoo worshipers and ends on the echoing tee-hee of their diabolic laughter.

The overture, a medley of Negro spirituals and blues from Yamekraw near Savannah is not on the plane of the rest of the performance. The first scene (Scene III. of the play) is the encounter of Macbeth and Banquo with the Powers of Darkness. A ghostly glade in the forest shows the apron of the stage lined with prostrate figures who rise and fall under the lash of the deformed Witch Doctor, Hecate. For the first time since her grisly reign began, the grim Goddess from Samothrace, "Nameless One" and "All Terrible" has been denied her sex. "Queen of the Phantom World," snake-footed she came to Lucian's sorcerer, snakes coiled in her hair and a mighty sword in her hand. Hobgoblins and specters were in her train; her rites were monstrous, her worshipers shunned. It showed the classical bias of Englishmen that Shakespeare should have included her in his Scottish mysteries as each Scotch coven of witches had always their male officer or warlock, lieutenant of Satan. Mr. Welles has upheld diabolic etiquette in having his three hags commanded by a male.

The castle yard of Macbeth's Sans Souci has towers to the left while steps to the right lead to the tower over an arched gateway. All around, the jungle presses in upon man's mortar. Keeping Lady Macbeth a charming woman, with the same high qualities which endeared "noble" and "brave" Macbeth to the King, has greatly strengthened the stress on the evil influences which corrupt both man and wife—the woman through the man. The importance placed by Shakespeare on the reading of the letter has always seemed to me to show that its suggestion had undermined her moral defenses, and insidiously, as her ambition is always unselfish.

The entrance of the King and Court gives scope for a color-laden pageant, soldiers in scarlet, courtiers in bright tail coats and tall beaver hats and with them the little Macduffs with their old Mammy. Trailing behind and seen through the gateway are

"A crew of . . . strangely-visited people
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery . . ."

so graphically described by Malcolm as coming to Court to be cured of the King's Evil. When the gates are shut upon their misery, Macbeth begins upon his great soliloquy and makes "Is this a dagger?" completely spontaneous. As in order to enter the King's apartments in the Tower, he must cross over the gateway, he is exposed to the whisperings of the forest as he lurches forward with his daggers. The gateway is placed in appropriate position for the great knocking and the watchman expounds his nonsense in proper fashion to relax strained nerves. The discovery of the King's murder is a powerful turmoil of whirling crowds and closes Act I. (Act II., of the text).

In Act II. Banquo and Fleance pass out through the gate for their fatal ride and the two scarlet-clad murderers wait within for their return. There, they are suddenly joined by a third figure, face muffled in long black coat who takes indirect command. When Banquo remarks as he starts to reënter, "It will rain to-night," the First Murderer, who is crouched above the portal, cries, "Let it come down," and leaps on Banquo's back. Then the muffled figure throws off his cloak—it is Hecate! One of Mr. Welles's best inspirations. The Ball follows upon the murder and it is while Macbeth is waltzing with the Queen that he sees the ectoplasm of Banquo above the gate. Next it is high on the tower where Macbeth is to die. The second scene in this Act is where the caldron burns in the jungle and an African *Walpurgis Nacht* takes long and terrible shape. A spectacle that cannot be lightly forgotten.

Act III. includes the Macduff murders when Lady Macduff and the little girl and boy in Kate Greenaway dress form a charming picture. After their cruel death, the tee-hees of the witches are again heard. It is abroad in the forest that Lady Macbeth walks by night. The doctor and lady in waiting never appear but the dim forms of the three hags are visible through the green shadows.

Another of Mr. Welles's innovations is the introduction of Lady Macbeth on her bier over which her husband recites his supreme lines. The battlemented terrace is employed with tremendous effect at the end when wild applause greets the headlong fall of a soldier down over the gate. Malcolm and Macbeth fight their way up to the height of the tower, from which vantage point Malcolm tosses down the usurper's head. It is placed on a pike by the soldiers and greeted by cackles of triumphant laughter from the jungle.

An eerie tale but—with lust and brutality so triumphant in the world to-day, may we be so certain that the Powers of Evil walk no more by night?—*At the Lafayette.*

BURY THE DEAD.—The first play of a boy of twenty-three—a cry from

youth for more life — a personal, selfish protest against war.

The grisly idea of a regiment rising again from their graves, that never completely emerged from the political confusions of *Miracle at Verdun*, is now presented in starkly naked form in a one-act thriller. The difficulties of presenting a one-act play for full time entertainment have been met with rather indifferent success. Each scene of the play has been elongated by repetition and a *Prelude* concocted by members of the company, in which three veterans reminisce about 1918 with flashbacks of the current hysteria.

Bury the Dead was submitted for a contest of the New Theater League; it arrived too late for a prize but created a sensation and was tried out by the Actors' Repertory Company then playing in *Let Freedom Ring*. The applause which greeted its presentation seemed to call for further performances, but where and how? The answer has come in the person of Mr. Alex Yokel, the thrice prosperous producer of *Three Men on a Horse*, and Mr. Yokel says in the program he hopes that a permanent Repertory Company will be the outcome.

Although our pacifism is sound, we lack the general enthusiasm for *Bury the Dead*. A sergeant and squad behind the trenches are digging a grave for six comrades who badly need burial. How badly they need it is plainly stated, and their unhappy bodies still show the same wounds when they are found standing upright in their common ditch. They pay no attention to the sergeant or captain, to the priest or the rabbi. At first the General Staff are incredulous; they visit the dead men, have the surgeons prove their death, command and cajole them to return to the earth and then send for their women. Though they find no welcome among the living, the dead claim their right to more life. The General orders them shot but the volley does them no hurt—how can one hurt the dead?—and at last they leap from their grave and call to the army to join them! Where will the dead men lead them? The author drops the subject and the curtain.

Except for the Captain, no living person crosses the stage who has either understanding or sympathy. The priest and the rabbi are broadly caricatured; so is the silly General and his hard-drinking staff; there is no material for a *Pietà* in the Gold Star Mother; she shrinks in horror and offers her mangled son no rest on her breast. With a disregard for syntax that harried our nerves, they one and all suggested to their men that they *"lay* down!" In *Totenmal*, the German anti-war pageant, the women try in vain to cross over to their dead. Americans seem to prefer them safe underground. There are also two very distinct types of men who refuse to fight: one is entirely willing to die for peace and the other just doesn't want to die at all. We wonder just why young Shaw so wants to live? In the world as he shows it, the soldiers are a miserable, whiny lot, grumbling and grousing over their duties and shirking their work. He knocks down God and love and authority and then—his curtain falls.

It is very confusing and disastrous, but when one turns from an Irwin Shaw and his putrescent prose to an Alan Seeger or a Joyce Kilmer and hears the gallant beauty of the songs they sung as they

marched to death one ponders if some forms of peace would not be as ugly as war? One also tries to calculate how many times the verb "to stink" is used in Mr. Shaw's play?—*At the Ethel Barrymore.*

ON YOUR TOES.—When young Phil Dolan III. disgraced the family tradition of vaudeville by saying "Hell" in his mother's dressing room and consorting between acts with a little girl who was a "small-timer," he was sent off to high school and a career of pedagogics. He is conducting a class in musical composition when next we see him at the Knockbocker University—W.P.A. Extension—and one of the most learned and lively chorales of the evening is "the Three B's," "Brahms, Beethoven and Bach." By this you may discern that *On Your Toes* is a superior form of musical sophistication with a smart wit apparent both in its story and its songs. But the smartest wit of all is in the pantomime and in the toes of Mr. Ray Bolger whose active feet set the pace for the show. As Professor Dolan, he tries to forget, but always when a problem comes up in the classroom, he finds his feet must tap it out. So it naturally comes about that when one of his pupils writes a Ballet entitled "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," Professor Dolan as Phil Dolan III. is found to be the only man who can dance the difficult Dance of Death around the corpse. But as his rival from the Russian Ballet has hired assassins to shoot him down so soon as he falls and the heroine (Doris Carson) has discovered the plot and gets word to Phil to keep dancing till the cops arrive, Mr. Bolger is called upon to do a dizzy race with time which brings down the final curtain on a stampede of deserved applause,—and no one grudges Mr. Bolger taking his first bows on the floor. His condition must be of the best but one worries about his keeping up any weight at all during the summer months, for few leading men make such continuous demands of their toes!

There is a secondary plot of the chief of the Russian Ballet, Sergei Alexandrovitch (Monty Woolley) and his American backer and friendly widow (Luella Gear) and of the wiles of the ballerina (Tamara Geva) to lure Mr. Bolger from his sweet young sweetheart; and one of the most delicious events is the burlesque of the traditional Ballet Russe—so well danced that half the audience take it seriously. It is in that that Mr. Bolger, as a super, appears among the black slaves in a long blue cloak and turban but alas—in his terror of Alexandrovitch he has applied his make-up too hastily, and when the slaves discard their blue draperies there is one albino!

"Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" is in the reddest saloon that could be conceived by Mielziner. It is so red that it seems to ooze redness and it is there that, before Bolger's extraordinarily continuous finale, occurs the blot on the spectacle, when Tamara Geva—who is listed as "Strip Teaze Girl," proceeds to prove it. It is probably faked with tights but the effect seems pure Fourteenth Street and is both offensive and unnecessary. Luella Gear's songs also err occasionally in their humor. With these exceptions, *On Your Toes* is clever and tuneful amusement with good dancing galore.—*At the Imperial.*

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD.—*At the Forrest.*

January, 1935

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—Now also shown on the screen as *These Three* where the most unpleasant feature of the play has been eliminated without at all injuring the tensity of the drama.—*At the Maxine Elliott.*

March

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—An inelegant but very funny farce about the greeting card writer who could also foretell the winning horse.—*At the Playhouse.*

December

DEAD END.—The news of new playgrounds being opened comes with added welcome after a visit to this powerful and unhappy picture of what becomes of some of the boys on our city streets. This "dead end" street is on the East River where tenement and River Club are neighbors.—*At the Belasco.*

January, 1936

BOY MEETS GIRL.—A farce without a triangle—just a baby without a father and the baby becomes the star of Hollywood. The story is extravagant but the action keeps pace with it and the laughs come quickly. But the spoken word stands in need of revision.—*At the Cort.*

FIRST LADY.—Although not awarded the Pulitzer Prize, this comedy is still a prime favorite, and deserves to be, as the situations in state circles in Washington are novel and interesting. The dialogue is witty and the characters and players are both excellent.—*At the Music Box.*

February

VICTORIA REGINA.—This delightful historical romance will close for two months on June 20th but the box office will remain open to take orders for the autumn season and try to catch up with some of their mail orders; they haven't yet cleaned up all their mail for March. This is the time therefore to secure some good seats for next winter!—*At the Broadhurst.*

March

CALL IT A DAY.—As the current plays begin to close with the advent of warm weather a few withstand the thermometer and we are glad that this very charming comedy of family life in London is one of the winners. The day opens with the parents' morning tea and as the parents are Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale one can feel assured that they must have an attractive family—and they have. There is plenty of drama as well as humor in the twenty-four hours we spend with them.—*At the Morosco.*

MURDER IN THE OLD RED BARN.—A very good solution for an idle evening. Sitting at a table with beer on tap one gives advice to actors of a lucid melodrama and watches between the acts some of the best acrobats and skaters in town.—*At the American Music Hall.*

CO-RESPONDENT UNKNOWN.—A really immoral farce, as sin is treated as rather a joke and Peggy Conklin makes the heroine's lapses very entertaining.—*At the Ritz.*

April

ST. JOAN.—A magnificent production of Shaw's great play. Miss Cornell's Joan is both wise and simple, strong and gay, loyal and young. The men she has gathered around her are the best she could procure for each rôle and she insists on sharing the applause with them every time. It is something not to be missed.—*At the Martin Beck.*

END OF SUMMER.—A very brilliant comedy of the dolors of the very rich whom Mr. Behrman pictures in a kindly manner but proves that their lot is hard. Miss Ina Claire and Mr. Osgood Perkins head an unusual company. Mr. Perkins, as the successful psychiatrist, is as near a villain as Mr. Behrman's philosophy allows. The scene is a villa on the coast of Maine where two jobless young men spend happy week-ends with Miss Claire, who likes to spend her millions in giving pleasure to her friends but she is not so fortunate with herself or her family.—*At the Guild.*

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—This is an English play written by one of the unemployed on scraps of wall paper, as he had no money for writing pads. It is the most moving of all the labor plays of the last few years and mirrors the tragic conditions in one of the English mill towns. Miss Wendy Hiller adds a note of poetry that is very lovely.—*At the Longacre.*

FEDERAL THEATER PROJECT

1935.—*At the Biltmore.*

MACBETH.—*At the Lafayette.*

CLASS OF '29.—With Harry Irvine.—*At the Manhattan.*

REVIVALS

PARNELL.—Mr. Parnell has returned to town, this time in the person of Mr. Dennis King who makes his romantic passion felt towards Miss Edith Barrett. Beyond the substitution of Whitford Kane for Edward McNamara, the excellent cast is the same and the play seems to improve on acquaintance. Mr. King is warmer than Mr. Curzon and Miss Barrett gives the best performance of her career.—*At the Forty-eighth Street.*

WINTERSET will return for a short run at popular prices on June 1st to the *Martin Beck.*

GHOSTS with Nazimova comes back to the *Golden.*

The Ball and the Cross

The Ball and the Cross is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious, The World and the Faith. It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.

OLD BELLS IN NEW ARCHES

FEW people realize the true significance of the missions in the Southwest. Tourists, bowling smoothly along the broad highways in the land of the Dons, stretching from the Mississippi to the sea, regard them with casual interest. There they are, crumbling stone or adobe. The pigeons nest in their many quiet sanctuaries and the sparrows, coming each spring, find a handy tavern for rest from their annual migration to the North country. Yet the missions are the mileposts left by the vanguard of civilization—the friars.

There seems to be a misconception about the missions. Popular romance attaches them to California only. Yet as far back as the expedition of La Salle in 1685, the men of God who accompanied him had planted the Cross in the Land of the Tejas.

Cortes, the Conqueror, carried the sword into the New World, but it was to the Cross, even then borne by the humble Franciscans, that his men turned for support in their ordeals, as did all others who challenged the wilderness and left only their bones and their footprints. But the priests left the missions.

The first hundred years of Texas history, stretching back four centuries, is the brave story of the Franciscan friars. Rhetoricians turn a phrase to say that the Cross follows the sword. On the contrary, in the Land of the Tejas the sword followed the Cross, and under the plod of centuries the sword had long since fallen to rust while the followers of St. Francis of Assisi still patiently went about their mission of Christianizing the Red *infieles* of this strange new world.

The missions of Texas are inextricably a part and pattern of the history of the empire of the six flags. The missionaries of the Spanish king marched with his *conquistadores*, and the Cross proved more civilizing than the sword. There were priests with Pineda, the first white man to set foot on the soil of the Indians, but their fate is obscure. There is a hundred years that remain blank, a challenge to historians, yet, in the end, only an irritation.

In the spring of 1690 a party consisting of about 100 persons, with Governor Alonzo de Leon in command, set out for the region of the Tejas forest for the express purpose of founding a mission. To this end four Franciscan friars under Father Damian Marzanet accompanied the expedition. From Mexico, then on the East, the party eventually crossed the Trinidad, now known as the Trinity River. The following January, when the New Year was barely born, the Te Deum was chanted in the first mission in Texas, named San Francisco de los Tejas, in honor of their founder. The Franciscans had again carried the Cross into the wilderness.

This year, the centennial year of her independence, Texas pays homage to the work of the Franciscans.

At the Centennial Exposition in Dallas (June 6th to November 29th) the Church is represented by what is known as the Catholic exhibits building, a reproduction, as far as possible of what is believed to be the first parish church ever built in Texas, San Miguel de Socorro, at Socorro, built by the Franciscan Fathers in 1681. No portrayal of the history of Texas would be complete without recounting the story of the early work of the priests. They came with the first explorers to the new country, and to-day Texas is a Christian land because of the friars who moved among the Red men. The splendor and triumphs of the conquering explorers is now but a chapter of Texas history—a glorious chapter, but of the past. The work of the Fathers is of the past, the present and the future.

It is to commemorate the Franciscans and their missions that the Catholic Church has offered its exhibit at the World's Fair of 1936. This building, done in the mission manner, is located in that section of the Exposition grounds known as the Cultural Center and faces on a lagoon which is the center of this group. It is enclosed by a typical mission courtyard with a low adobe wall surrounding it. Entrance is through an arched gateway which is closed with a heavy wooden gate. To the left of the entrance gate stands a tall crucifix made of wood, as was found in the courtyards of the old missions. The building is built in a "T" shape with outside walls of plaster simulating the native adobe. The small windows are recessed in walls three feet thick. The front of the structure is seventy-six feet long and the body of the building extends back ninety-five feet. A unique feature of the exhibit building is the bell tower. It contains three large mission bells, one of which is electrically operated and all three of which are attuned for chiming.

The Church has spared no expense in making the exhibit comprehensive of four hundred years of activity in Texas. The old Spanish church of San Miguel de Socorro was chosen because of its antiquity and symbolism. Indeed, many of the exhibits in the building are as authentic as old San Miguel itself, coming from its chapel. The exhibit in its entirety is imposing.

Placed immediately to one side of the larger building will be a small side chapel in which will be installed a choir loft, an organ and an altar. Over the main altar will be placed an ancient, life-size crucifix—its history and age contemporaneous with the mission—which is hand carved of wood and has been in its location at San Miguel de Socorro since very early in the

eighteenth century. Also, the old vestments and beautiful altar vessels will be removed from Socorro and brought to the exhibit for use when Mass is celebrated.

Ancient altar vessels from the church have been in the possession of Bishop Joseph P. Lynch of Dallas for many years but will, it is stated, be installed in the exhibit at the Exposition. From the church will be brought an ivory crucifix, carved about 1650 in Macao, China; a priceless object which has graced San Miguel de Socorro since its completion in 1681. Also, ancient and very fine oil paintings of St. Miguel and St. Paul which have hung in the parish church of Socorro for 150 years will be carefully taken down from these ancient, romance-covered walls and brought to the more central location where, during the time of the Exposition, those of the millions of visitors who wish may come and see them.

Many old books, manuscripts and parchments from the missions will be displayed and lend their bit to the atmosphere of reverence that will permeate the entire Catholic exhibit. In the main building, color will be given to the exhibit by the display of giant murals of the missions which will be suspended on the walls. Below them, in smaller murals, a life of Christ and a panoramic history of the Church in Texas from 1519 to 1936 will be portrayed. These two smaller murals are the work of the Indian children of the parochial schools of the State.

Along the walls will be assembled an imposing display of school work from the various schools over the State and from it will be gleaned a revealing knowledge of the manual and artistic training that the children in the State's Catholic schools are daily receiving. Conveniently arranged on the floor space will be exhibits of handiwork produced by the inmates of the Catholic hospitals, orphanages, foundling asylums, old folks' homes, etc. A surprising degree of ingenuity and a delicate exemplification of inspired art is found in the many and varied objects in this classification.

From the tower of the replica of the parish church of San Miguel de Socorro will be heard the Angelus every morning, noon and evening. On Columbus Day this year one of the great out-doors choirs will be heard in chorus.

One of the most interesting departments of the Catholic exhibit and one which will no doubt attract a great deal of attention is to be known as "Your Vocation" booth. It will consist of an unusually comprehensive display of dolls dressed to the minutest detail in the habit of every kind of nun engaged in religious work in Texas. Thus, the visitor, whether he be Catholic or non-Catholic, will be able to identify all the religious orders and, in carrying a further informative program, there will be appropriate books and pamphlets covering each phase of the nun's work in Texas, which will be at hand for distribution to all who evince an interest.

It is in the murals that the story of the missions and the Franciscan Fathers is told. The walls in the main building are covered with historical murals. These are a contribution of St. Edward's University of Austin and link the past to the future in missions of Texas. The murals were done by Brother John Bender, C.S.C. The missions pictured are San Francisco de la Espada, Nuestra Señora de la Purissima Concepción, San José de

Aguayo, and San Antonio de Valero, or as it is better known, the immortal Alamo. The panels are six and a half feet high and of varying lengths, from twelve feet to twenty-one feet. The painting of San José de Aguayo, the largest of the group, shows the mission from the side in which is set the famous rose window. This window of carved stone is one of the outstanding pieces of early art in the United States. Models for the figures represented in the murals were selected from the staff and student body of St. Edward's.

Another section of the mural paintings in the mission is being done by different parochial schools in the State. The chief section of the murals, however, depicts the history of the Church in Texas. There the visitor will see the first missionaries, the native Indian life, the conditions which influenced the early Fathers in planning the first churches.

In the days of the Spanish occupancy of Texas there were three types of churches constructed in the province for various ecclesiastical purposes. First, there were the mission churches which the Franciscans established for the Red *infieles*,—the Indians. These edifices were needed to convert the pagans. Next, wherever they were needed, parish churches were built for the Spanish and Mexican colonists whose ancestors had been Christians for centuries, and then, finally, there were military chapels which were erected for the spiritual benefit of the *soldados* stationed at each garrison.

Many of these missions, chapels and churches are in use to-day, and where the original structure is gone, new buildings have been placed on the old sites. The Cross inexorably outlives the sword, and the exemplification of it is to be seen in the Catholic exhibit at the Texas Centennial Exposition.

MONKS AND ANAGRAMS

MANY to-day know the anagram only as an item in cross-word puzzles and few would be able to give an answer to the question: "What is an anagram?" beyond saying that it is the transposition of the letters of a word or a sentence into another word or sentence. It should, however, be more than that. The word or words thus formed should have a definite bearing upon the original word or sentence. All the letters must be used and none may be added in the solution if it is to be a perfect anagram. To make an anagram, therefore, may be a difficult task, even a work of art. Many so-called anagrams of the present day are, however, mere jumbles of words, having no application to or bearing on the foundation.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries anagram-making was a favorite recreation of many religious orders, particularly the Franciscans, Carmelites, Augustinians and Jesuits, who regarded it not so much as a pastime as a religious exercise. They generally made the Angelical Salutation the principal foundation for their efforts and, by this means, as the Rev. Walter Begley, an Anglican clergyman, has pointed out, paid their tribute of "devotion to the honour of the Vir-

gin Mother—the Purest Ideal of the Eternal Feminine that has ever been presented in Art or Tradition."

The most striking anagram yet invented or deduced is to be found in the Vulgate in the question asked by Pilate of Our Blessed Lord and in the answer given. In Latin, the question: "What is Truth?" is rendered *Quid est Veritas?* and the answer is: *Est Vir qui adest* (It is the Man now before thee), which, as will be seen, is a perfect anagram of the question.

In 1651, a Benedictine college in Antwerp published an anagrammatical prayer book, in which the words, *Jesus Salvator mundi*, were rendered in one hundred different ways, followed by the Litanies of the Blessed Virgin treated in the same manner. For instance, *Domus aurea* was rendered *Sum Aura Deo; Fœderis Arca* became *Sacra Dei Fero*, etc.

Joannes Baptista Agnesis, who became blind after his ordination, has been named the "Father of Biblical Anagrammatists," although he was not the first in this field. In 1661 he published a collection of one hundred anagrams formed from the words of the Angelical Salutation but, before he died in 1667, he had added considerably to their number and 1,115 from his pen were published in Rome two years before he passed away.

In 1671, on the occasion of the canonization of Francis Borgia, the Jesuits of the Clementine College at Prague produced a volume which contained a perfect anagram of seventeen lines on the *Magnificat*. In the following year, Barthélemy Pierre de St. Louis, a Hungarian Carmelite, who has been described as the most determined anagrammatist of his day, composed an anagrammatical dialogue, solely from the letters of the Salutation. This is to be found in his work *La Muse Bouquetière*, a copy of which is in the British Museum in London. It is claimed that scarcely a day passed without his adding several anagrams to his enormous stock.

In 1665, Pompeius Salvi, a Franciscan, published an Anagrammatical Life of the Blessed Virgin from the Angelical Salutation, containing also 525 other anagrams on the same base, 150 on various texts from the Psalms and a large number formed from the names of saints and members of the Franciscan Order. The greatest work of this character was that undertaken by a Hermit of St. Paul, named Nieszporkowitz, who composed and published no fewer than 3,000 metrical anagrams on the Salutation, all asserting, directly or indirectly, the Immaculate Conception and introducing various titles and attributes ascribed to the Blessed Virgin by ecclesiastical writers. In the same year, Lucas de Vriese, a Cenobite Abbot, produced 3,100 anagrams on the Angelical Salutation; and Christopher Klimmechius, a further 2,830, but both these productions were in plain prose, whereas those of Nieszporkowitz were metrical. Lucas de Vriese, who was a Belgian, arranged his anagrams acrostic fashion, each containing thirty-one lines, beginning with the letters from the words, *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum*, the first word in each line being the last word in the line of its predecessor.

It is noteworthy how few are the duplicates among all these productions, but this is understandable when Prester, a noted French mathematician, states that the let-

ters in the name "Ignatius" can be changed 40,320 times.

Many other monastic anagrammatists could be cited, but space can only be given to two more—Franciscus Turrius, a Capuchin, who, in 1664, published a book containing 1,179 anagrams on the Angelical Salutation. When he was on his deathbed he sent for his favorite nephew, to whom he said, taking the manuscript from under his pillow: "Here are two Rosaries of Anagrams for the Virgin; defraud her not of this my last offering." The nephew faithfully fulfilled the task and a copy of the work is to be found to-day in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. The other is Bonaventura da S. Rosalia, a discalced Augustinian, one of eight children, all of whom embraced the religious life, including one son who it was expected would remain in the world, take possession of the family estates and continue the name. When Bonaventura died, in 1730, he bequeathed a manuscript of 1,700 anagrams on the Angelical Salutation to his Order and this was published in the following year. The majority of these were composed during the night, without the aid of artificial light, and committed to writing in the daytime.

In the hands of the monks anagram-making was indeed a work of art, as well as a work of love.

DUDLEY WRIGHT.

Nova et Vetera

The Recovery of Spiritual Unity

It is one of the most hopeful signs of the present day that the old division between science and philosophy is coming to an end; that the scientists should once more admit the need for philosophy and the philosophers should recognise the rights of science. For it is, after all, a monstrous state of things that a man's conception of reality should depend on his profession, and that there should be no common social life.

What the new scientific thinkers are trying to do is to restore the connection between these two domains of reality, which have been separated by an artificial wall of false science and false philosophy. It is not a question of the scientists' creating a new religion for themselves; it is simply a question of re-establishing contact between science and the spiritual and religious values that have always been there and that have formed the soul of our civilisation. And whatever we may think of their success, I believe they are on the right track, and that it is the way our civilisation must follow if it is to recover its spiritual unity. We do not realise how serious this loss of unity is. It is the cause of the chief weakness of modern civilisation; it deprived our spiritual world of reality and our material world of spiritual value. We were left with ideals that did not work and facts that had no moral significance.

The recovery of spiritual unity by the reconciliation of the scientific and philosophical points of view would not only put an end to this state of things; it would change the whole outlook of our civilisation. Science would no longer be the slave of whatever power was strong enough to dominate society; it would become the instrument of a moral purpose: the means by which the physical world is brought into relation with spiritual values. And at the same time it would recover its own dignity and its old ideals. . . . The leaders of the European scientific tradition were inspired by something higher than the idea of utility. They sought knowledge for its own sake because knowledge is good. They regarded nature not as a slave to be mastered, but as a mistress to be served in a spirit of almost religious reverence.

If the sceptics are right, of course this attitude is no longer possible. You cannot know what is unintelligible or reverence what is not there. As Bertrand Russell says, "we do not contemplate a flea; we catch it. And the modern point of view will lead the scientist to regard the non-human world with as little reverence as we feel towards the poor flea." But if this is so, it is a bad lookout for science. The higher minds will turn away to art or to some other pursuit that has an ideal value, and leave science to the technicians and industrial experts. If you take this view of science, it is obvious that it offers no substitute

for religion. On the contrary, it stands in need of some religious or moral power outside itself to give it direction; otherwise it is bound to become the servant of power or selfish interests. The man who did more than anyone else to establish the practical and instrumental view of science saw this clearly enough; I mean Auguste Comte, the founder of positivism. He realised that if the ideal of science was not pure knowledge but the service of mankind, it required social guidance; and this social guidance implied a spiritual power that was inspired by religious ideals. But he believed that these ideals were to be found not in Christianity nor in any existing religious faith, but in a new religion of humanity—a religion without theological dogmas and even without God. His own attempt to found such a religion was a complete failure, but there are still many people who believe the real solution of the problem is to be found along these lines. . . . If, however, the other view is accepted, the traditional ideal of science will recover its validity. Science can once more be regarded as a pathway to reality and a service to truth. It will go from strength to strength and continue to explore the inexhaustible riches of the ocean of existence that surrounds us. It is true that there can be no finality in this task, but that is no evil for the true scientist. He is contented with the disinterested service of truth. . . .

The ideal of science is that of a changing world of knowledge in which truth never ceases to grow and to remain true to itself. And thus scientific truth cannot be hostile to spiritual truth. Both of them are elements of one reality; indeed, science is nothing else but the spiritual power of intelligence illuminating and ordering the multiplicity and confusion of the world of sense.

—From *The Modern Dilemma*. By Christopher Dawson (New York: Sheed & Ward).

At the Crossroads

Nations are built out of philosophy, not out of bricks and mortar. It is their national ideals which shape their national destinies. . . . The church edifice does not prescribe the religion; the religion prescribes and produces the edifice. So with our political structure. It is built with political ideals and ideas. Our ideal is to have a social and economic structure in a framework in which freedom can live. We should encourage and stimulate every improvement and betterment in our economic and social order, but because we have detected some failures or imperfections in our past economic system does not even imply that we should destroy all the ideals of our civilization. There is no need to commit constitutional suicide in the hope of an economic reincarnation.

Our Constitution is the Charter of our national ideals. It contains within its four corners the characteristic principles of our political philosophy. These principles are not sterile epigrams; they are living, moving, vital forces. We do not contend that the Constitution is an untouchable sacred document. We do, however, emphatically maintain, that, in addition to prescribing a popular and efficient mechanical system of government, it also formalizes and vitalizes a distinct political philosophy—Americanism—and that the right of the people to determine the form

and character of their government is a sacred, an untouchable, right. If the Constitution should need to be made more nearly perfect in order to fulfill its philosophy in changed conditions, we should proceed to such perfecting in conformity with the prescribed constitutional process of amendment. It is not necessary to scrap, or to evade, the fundamental theory of democracy by denying the people their sovereign right to consent to the kind of government by which they desire to be governed, through indirect means and under the alluring pretext of adaptation.

Proposed amendments must be carefully scrutinized, however, for there can be amendments, which are dedicated not only to adapt our *form* of government to new and unforeseen situations, but also those which completely destroy or change our fundamental and traditional political philosophy, and result in the establishment of an entirely different theory of government. The distinction between the two is fundamental. We must carefully weigh each proposal to see in which class it falls.

One class of such proposed amendments is adaptation; the other is nullification. One is reform: the other revolution. . . .

The Founding Fathers were realists. They isolated the very germ of practical freedom from philosophical abstractions. The Prophets of the New Deal, on the other hand, have no sense of the realities; they are pure theorists. They speak of economic freedom theoretically, but when, as we have discovered from their own activities, their ideas are given a practical application they prove to be regimentation. The Founding Fathers strove to equalize individual opportunity and enterprise; the Prophets of the New Deal destroy individual opportunity and enterprise by causing *all* opportunity and enterprise to be absorbed by the State, and by causing each individual to have his share meted out to him by the State. The Founding Fathers liberated the mind: the new Prophets destroy the independence of the mind. Under our Founding Fathers each citizen drew his own designs of life; under the Prophets of the New Deal, the design is drawn for him, and he merely traces the pattern given him. He executes the orders from above. One frees Man: the other enslaves him. Human life is given a new valuation, and the fundamental meaning of v a l u e s has been changed. Therein lies the fundamental difference between Americanism and the Totalitarian State. It is simply the difference in belief as to whether the State is the creature of Man, or, if Man be the creature of the State; whether the State be the master or is the servant of the citizen. . . .

To those who claim that the faith of the Founding Fathers and the political institutions of America have become antiquated by human progress we must reply: Why, then, throw us all the way back into the most primitive totalitarian philosophy which civilization has long since not only found antiquated but has emphatically abandoned? The argument would seem to be that because we have not progressed enough, we should destroy all progress. Certainly, the "professed objectives" of these pseudo-modernists are ancient history. They do not give us new truths, they simply masquerade primitive ideas and pagan ideals in modern dress. That

seems to be the best they offer us in exchange for what we have. It is not a new theory of government that this country needs, but rather a spiritual renaissance in governmental action and individual conduct; not a reversion to old rejected and alien doctrines, but a rededication to American traditions and ideals.

And so, we conclude, we are at the crossroads in the journey toward our national destiny: one road is the old American "horse and buggy" road of democracy with the Constitution as its foundation; the other, the foreign slave trail of arbitrary government built upon the arbitrary will of a man or a group of men. Which of these two roads we should take depends entirely upon where we want to go. At any rate, the sign-posts on the road we have been recently traveling should give us a positive understanding of our present direction.

—From *Democratic Despotism*. By Raoul E. Desvernine (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.).

An Essential Difference

It is fatally easy to see the Church as but a very large and ancient sect, numerable among the sects in general, instead of being something different in essence from any or all of them.

Not only do people see this sect *as* a sect, adorned with a special ritual as freemasonry is, but they see it fatally in terms of classes, nationalities, and international affairs, such as politics.

In this country, it used to be assumed that the Catholic religion was proper to the lower classes, chiefly because since the reformation so very few of the old Catholic ruling class could survive, let alone be educated, but also, because of the great influx of impoverished Irishmen at the time of the famine and at other times. It used indeed to be called the "religion of the scullery." To a great extent, in this country, we have been reacting against this, and are in danger of becoming a respectable s e c t, indistinguishable from any other respectable people, identical in appearance, in manner of social life, and in the formulas we use when we talk at large, expressive, so it would appear, of judgments and valuations identical with everyone else's.

Again, the Church is associated with nationalisms in two ways—either it was taken for granted within some particular country that one must be a Catholic, because everyone else was—you were Catholic at least in name, because for example you were Spanish or Peruvian or Polish; or again, it was taken for granted that, being Catholic you could not be a true national product, but an importation, an exotic. In England Catholics were held to be Italian or Irish: in Sweden, German; in Finland, Dutch; in North Africa, French; and in the East at large, European. In a more limited way many countries assumed that if you were Catholic, you must be pro-Monarchist; if you were republican, you could be no Catholic. In a thousand ways, then, Catholicism kept getting linked up with secondary things, often so downright interesting, let alone remunerative at the moment, that it appeared as essentially annexed to them, and not as the transcendent thing that it is. And it may well be that at times those of the Church's doctrines which, as it were, hurt no one, or those of her practices which were

easy to perform and did not compromise you, were what was chiefly set before people, and Catholics themselves grew up without ever having seen the deepest and widest implications of their Faith.

—From *Gates of the Church*. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. (New York: Sheed & Ward, Inc.).

The Ultimate Race

There is a sense in which the term primitive is applied to the uncivilized which is wholly misleading. It is the sense imparted by the theory of evolution, which in its least scientific and indeed least rational form seems to obsess the Western mind when it lacks the direction of the Christian tradition. According to this notion the human species has evolved from the ape; and the Pygmy, the South American Indian, the Australian Aborigine or the South Sea Islander is more akin to the origin of human nature than is the more civilized human being. He is simply in an early stage of evolution. Mr. Wells' *Outline of History* has popularized this quite arbitrary theory, and children's school books and readers, at least in English-speaking countries, are full of it. The odious corollary, that there is therefore something *natural* in the perverted sexual rites, the idolatry, the slavery, the corruption of marriage and the family, and even the cannibalism that is found among certain of these tribes seems to have escaped the notice of those who accept this sophism. It is at least equally tenable, and to the Catholic, who believes the doctrine of the Fall and accepts the teaching of Christian philosophy upon the nature of men, far more probable that the present condition of such tribes represents a *degradation* from a former state which was better, purer, more natural, and that it is the consequence of many centuries of moral deordination. Certain it is that the spirit of the Catholic Church in dealing with barbarian or savage tribes is that expressed in the phrase which so constantly recurs in the Canons relating to the emancipation of slaves *"revocare ad pristinam libertatem."* It is not her function to create in them a human nature which does not yet exist, but to free man "made in the image of God" from the bondage of sin. There is a sense in which the apparently primitive race is rather the ultimate race: it is an awful example of what might well be and have been the last stage of any people had the One true God never revealed His law on Sinai nor the Son of God been born at Bethlehem.

—From *The Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations*. By John Eppstein. (London: Burns, Oates & Washburn, Ltd.).

Foreign Periodicals

"Virtue Means Prosperity" Superstition

There is an obstinate and mistaken belief that all misfortune or suffering is due to "sin"—*i. e.*, the victim's own sin. It is not so. The whole record of the Gospels, the Acts and Epistles, the lives of the saints, disprove it. On the other side, the successes and immunities and impunities of the godless (which soon became a problem to the Psalmist and the Jews) disprove it. There is no necessary or invariable *nexus* between righteousness and earthly reward. The case and testimony of Job did not kill this superstition. For hundreds of years afterward the notion continued. When Our Lord came it was in possession. He had to point out: "Think you that those on whom the Tower of Siloam fell were more sinners than others? I tell you, Nay." He had to point out: "He maketh the sun to shine and the rain to fall on the evil and on the good." He had to warn his closest followers: "They shall expel you from the synagogues: yea, the time will come when whoever kills you shall think he does God a service." Did these profound sayings destroy the mechanical "virtue means prosperity" superstition? Certainly not. It has a sort of life among us to-day. If we hear ill of a man, a movement, or a group, we are apt to cite the thoughtless phrase, "Where there's smoke, there's fire"—which is giving a *carte blanche* to injustice. If he prosper, or if a movement spreads, we are tempted to conclude it is "blessed" by God. It is an old prejudice, first, that temporal happiness is man's *raison d'être;* and if God be just, a good man will be happy; and, since God *is* just, the man who is not happy has not deserved to be. Granted the premise there is no flaw in this formal argument; but the premise is unsound; the fallacy lies in man's supposed right to happiness, security or success here below.

But is not virtue its own reward, honesty the best policy, a conscience at rest our best consolation? No doubt the glorious virtue of hope irradiated the lives of confessors and martyrs; and good Catholics to-day find its support in present distress; still the distress is present and the reward future. Here and now the service of God may mean pain and loss: and the gain to come does not lessen the reality of a wound, a disaster, a sorrow; it does not make the loss of a job, a wife, a child, a friend, any less actual and keen. We are human, of flesh and blood; other human beings matter to us intensely (however vivid our faith), and what they do to us and think of us and say about us. One cannot believe in the sincerity of the stoic who wraps himself up in—"They say! What say they? Let them say!" It is human and natural to be made happy by others' approval, miserable by their misunderstanding or disrespect—and none the less if the latter are undeserved. Consolations a man has, in his spiritual life; let us thankfully admit it: but these are inter-

mittent; they come and go, whereas misfortune is often lasting and progressive. God takes care to leave room for hope, for if the joys of religion were a complete panoply against whatever slings and arrows, then not only should we all not need brotherly help but none would be called upon to give it, and the graces of charity would rust unused and undeveloped. Happily, this is not so.

On the other hand, even devout Catholics, who pray continually, may make mistakes and suffer unmerited failure in the conduct of their lives, and be tempted to wonder why this should be possible. Surely they might have been spared the costly and humiliating errors of the prayerless and careless? They have sought wisdom, prudence, guidance above all things—yet they are left to blunder and fail just as if they had not asked. Perhaps they forget that no prayer is without some sort of answer; though sometimes of another sort than the one expected. They may forget, too, what would perhaps have been their plight if they had not prayed. We cannot in the nature of things know many of our escapes. Some of these become clear years afterwards, but not all. "More things are wrought by prayer" than the man who prays dreams of. Its steadying, sanitating influence he only partially comprehends. Its subtly protective influence he may never hear of, in this life. It makes character; and character is ultimate destiny. It creates staying-power; and that is nine-tenths of life. "In patience ye shall possess your souls." It prevents poisonous self-contempt and despondency; and that is an enormous asset. It prevents many a mistake of mood, word and conduct —and it is unfair to concentrate only upon the failure which for some reason it did *not* prevent. Finally, the permitted failure has still its place in God's scheme; all its consequences have not yet been worked out, and it may reappear with altered face and significance, over-ruled to become a good after all.

In this strange, intricate, mundane experience of ours, which the keenest intellect cannot wholly fathom, it is as well to look squarely at all these possibilities. At the blackest juncture, it is still prayer and belief in guidance that count. They enable the fight to go on, against the "principalities and powers," they will ensure after all the victory of faith. They comprise tenacity, in its most sublimated and spiritual form; and victory comes that way. They empower a man to say: "If we can't fight in the light, we'll fight in the *dark*!" They gradually build up spiritual staying-power, which learns to grapple with opposition and to feel that trial is normal: they gradually lift a mind above the fretting for happiness or outward approval. "Virtue," *virtus*, manhood: man is put back on to the bare essentials of his virility and spirituality. More and more it may become his pleasure to do right, and keep on, for its own sake irrespective of reward tangible and visible. If rewards come, good: if not, life will be more bitter than it otherwise would be, and yet supremely worth living.

On such a theory alone is the government of the world we see intelligible, moral and just. Our well-being depends finally on what we *are*. The government of this world will go on being a puzzle, so long as

we demand that enjoyment of one sort or another shall be linked always to goodness. But to those who seize the other clue boldly, friends may fail or prove unkind, fame may even unfairly turn to infamy, economic security may cease, happiness also, and pleasure may pall or elude us—but the power to go on, to discharge our trust, to serve God never fails, and the love of Him is never rejected. It is, in the last analysis, a stark creed, this Christianity; aptly named by St. Paul, the Mystery of the Cross. It is a creed (at its best, ultimately) for heroes: indeed, the Church found her first converts among the manliest races. It is a creed which, while it develops the best in man, has a message for the weakest and lowest, for it is a living creed, and the life it imparts is the life of God mediated through His Providence.

—W. J. Burton, in *The Month* (London), May.

Not Criminals,—Martyrs

In Spain the churches are burning. In the Soviet Union places of public worship are being turned into cinemas and anti-religious museums. In Mexico the Government is intolerably restricting the number of priests and is seeking to introduce into the schools teaching which is hostile to the Church. In the Third Reich the tyrannically dictatorial "Deutsche" National Socialistic Workers' Party, which is carrying the country along, confesses to "positive Christianity."

But the *Führer* and Chancellor, Adolf Hitler, talks of God in all his more important speeches, and calls God's blessing on his work; Communistic and Socialistic Free Thinkers and God-less associations are forbidden; Freemasons' Lodges have more or less voluntarily broken up. A few months after Hitler came into power he was the means of concluding a Concordat, and the Nuncio yearly congratulates Hitler on his birthday.

In face of these facts, how can it be said that in Hitler's Germany a new religious war has broken out? May not the occasional measures taken against priests be only echoes of the still persisting strife between the National Socialists and those Catholics who are still true to the centre party? And when proceedings are taken against convents and members of orders, are they not only taken because currency laws have been infringed?

Some influential underlings such as Rosenberg may exist, but even if they do, they have no power of decision. The *Führer* conveniently knows nothing of their activities, and when he does learn something he often interferes. For example, at the beginning of March he caused Mgr. Banasch, accused of high treason in his report to the Nuncio, to be released from gaol. Any trouble with the Catholic or the Protestant Church is regarded as regrettable, but passing, and exaggerated by anti-Nazi circles for the purpose of emphasizing the religious war.

Emphasis must be laid upon these efforts to reduce the conflict between Catholicism and the Third Reich to a mere series of regrettable, but nevertheless unimportant incidents.

In the Third Reich it is not simply a question of the relation of Church and State, nor of difficulties arising from Catholic activity in the new Nazi State. The question turns

on the Christian claim to control public life. This claim is being contested by National Socialism. The Nazi world-concept embraces all public life, and within that concept Christianity must also move and have its being.

National Socialism therefore wishes to define what Christianity is—so that it can always appeal to its own "positive Christianity," the Christianity that suits and serves the will of its Government. We may even get the paradox of the Nazi orator asserting that National Socialism is protecting Christianity against being misused for political, selfish purposes by representatives of the Church (the so-called "Political Catholicism").

Christianity is thus being protected, not only from the exterior danger of Bolshevism, which burns and closes the churches and arrests and expels the priests, but also from the interior danger of secularisation!

The Nazi attack on Christianity is not, therefore, a direct frontal attack, but an attempt at infiltration —gradually to rob the Church of its independence and turn it into a "spiritual auxiliary post" for its propaganda. It is therefore wrong to regard neo-pagan movements as the greatest danger to the Church. These are only skirmishing movements that divert attention from the main army. Their purpose is to cause anxiety within the Church. It is therefore no victory for Christianity when the German Faith movement encounters difficulties with the State in the course of its propaganda (although it may be astonishing how much freedom of abuse against Christianity is allowed to small neo-pagan German Faith newspapers such as *Durchbruch* and *Blitz*). The Nazi religion and Church policy being what it is, a retreat on the neo-pagan front might even be very acceptable.

National Socialism does not want open Church persecution, plain for all to see; it wants a gradual repression and dilution of Christianity. National Socialism knows too well how great the traditional power of Christianity is, and, as Wagner, the Reich member for Baden, has said, "is not looking for martyrs, but for criminals." By this it is meant that priests and members of orders are not arrested and convicted on account of their faith—as is always being repeated — but because of their hostile behavior to the State as manifested in currency or moral offences.

In endeavoring to wean all public life from any individual faith, National Socialism, in the words of Reichminister Frick, is striving to serve the common good. It is always being emphasised that National Socialism has nothing against the beliefs of the various Churches; it only opposes these Churches' claim to control public life and so become a danger to the German people. The substance of this common German unity, its morals, its legal basis, the spirit of education must be defined by National Socialism.

In the name of the common good, as defined by National Socialism, the war against Christianity goes forward in the Third Reich. The campaign is conducted as if the importance of Christianity for the common good were recognised; but this recognition only serves to screen the advance against Christianity, to obscure the true situation and bring about confusion in the Christian ranks. An open persecu-

tion of the Church would meet with definite opposition.

Another way must therefore be found to bring about the supremacy of the National Socialistic world concept in religious and moral life, in education and in all spheres contributing to the surrounding atmosphere of the people. Freedom of movement must gradually, but effectively, be withdrawn from the Church. The noose must not be drawn tight all at once, but gradually. At first, therefore, it must not be particularly noticeable. Up to the end there must be hope in Christian circles that even now escape is possible, that in spite of everything, things will not come to the very worst.

Concurrent with this systematic course of action, which naturally takes careful account of the exigencies of the moment (as for example the opinion in foreign circles which would be disturbed by certain measures, and must be doped with an appearance of "retreat") everything is being tried inconspicuously to spread a new belief, the creed of the National Socialistic Common Good. This is not promulgated as religion, on the contrary good care is taken to avoid so doing. This means that the atmosphere in which the people live shall be suitably conditioned until the right moment arrives openly to preach what is now being disseminated by stealth: The open separation of the Christian Church from its claim to be the final arbiter of religious faith.

—Dr. Waldemar Gurian, in *Catholic Herald* (London), May 1st.

Recent Events

New Paulist Church in New York

In 1911 the Paulist Fathers were assigned a territory at the northern tip of Manhattan Island to establish a parish for a rapidly-growing section of the city. A temporary church was built which in a few years became too small to accommodate the congregation. In 1924 a parochial school was opened. Last fall work was begun on the foundations of a new church fronting on Broadway above 207th Street. On Sunday afternoon, May 10th, the cornerstone was laid by the Right Rev. Michael J. Lavelle, D.D., Vicar General of the Archdiocese of New York. He was assisted by the Rev. John E. Burke, C.S.P., and the Rev. Philip O'Hern, C.S.P. The Rev. Thomas L. Graham of St. Patrick's Cathedral was master of ceremonies. An eloquent sermon was preached by the Very Rev. John B. Harney, C.S.P., Superior General of the Paulist Fathers, to a crowd of about 5,000 people who gathered on Broadway and on Isham Street. The pastor of the church is the Rev. Arthur R. Miller, C.S.P.

Centenary of The Dublin Review

This spring *The Dublin Review* completed one hundred years of distinguished literary history. It was in 1836, as Cardinal Wiseman informs us, that the idea of commencing a Catholic quarterly was conceived by Michael Joseph Quin, a learned Irish barrister residing in England. He applied to Wiseman and to Daniel O'Connell to join him in the undertaking and he edited the first two issues. A few months later Mr. H. R. Bagshawe took over the editorship which he held till 1863. Dr. Wiseman, who became a Bishop in 1840, was virtually the literary editor of *The Dublin Review* during the rest of his life. The *Review* has been called "his pet child." From the beginning he contributed many articles in many different fields.

During its early years another distinguished contributor was the Rev. Dr. Charles Russell of Maynooth, of whom it has been said that he "may perhaps claim to have been the most gifted Catholic scholar of our times." During twenty years he contributed something to every issue of the *Dublin*. It was during this First Series, which has been called the "Wiseman-Russell" Series, that the article appeared in August, 1839, which had so far-reaching an effect on Dr. Newman.

"The Ward Series" began in July, 1863, with Dr. W. G. Ward as both proprietor and editor. Metaphysics came to the fore during his régime, for Ward was the chief antagonist of John Stuart Mill. These were also days of hot controversy on dogmatic questions: the Syllabus, the Vatican Council and Papal Infallibility, and the question of Catholics and Higher Education.

In its 42d year the *Review* was turned over to Bishop Herbert Vaughan of Salford, with the distinguished Benedictine, Bishop Hedley, as editor. This period lasted till 1892, when the late Canon Moyes

became editor. This brings the Quarterly down to our own time, under the successive leadership of Wilfrid Ward, Shane Leslie, Algar Thorold and the present editor, Mr. Denis Gwynn.

During all its history, in spite of periods of financial stress and depression, *The Dublin Review* has always striven to give a complete picture of all the great contemporary movements in Church and State, in education and literature and science. Its aim was well expressed by Dr. Ward in the final issue which he edited: "To deepen Catholic intellectual life, to promote Catholic interests, to enlighten and assist those who are seeking for Catholic truth, to utter warnings against dangers to Faith and practice. "Its motto," Dr. Ward continued, "as that of all Catholic journals, must be—Truth, Culture, Conciliation."

THE CATHOLIC WORLD extends sincere congratulations to its honored contemporary and wishes for it many more years of useful endeavor.

DEATH OF DR. KIERAN, EDUCATOR

THE long career of Dr. James M. Kieran ended on April 25th, when he died at the age of seventy-two. He had served for half a century in New York schools, and was President Emeritus of Hunter College, the principal training college for women teachers in the New York public school system. After several years as teacher and principal in elementary schools, Dr. Kieran joined the staff of Hunter College, then called Normal College, in 1904, as Professor of Education. It is the largest women's college in the world, and Dr. Kieran became President of it in 1929, retiring in 1933.

Dr. Kieran was a native of the City of New York and was educated in its public schools and at City College. He received his graduate degrees, however, from St. Francis Xavier's College and Fordham University. Dr. Kieran was active always in Catholic affairs in the city and was the organizer and first president of a Catholic Club for the students in non-sectarian colleges.

May his soul rest in peace!

COADJUTOR FOR OGDENSBURG APPOINTED

WORD was received at the Apostolic Delegation on April 20th of the appointment of the Very Rev. Msgr. Francis J. Monaghan, S.T.D., president of Seton Hall College in the Diocese of Newark, N. J., as coadjutor with right of succession to the Most Rev. Joseph H. Conroy, Bishop of Ogdensburg, N. Y. It is the northernmost diocese in the State of New York, a territory of over 12,000 square miles between the St. Lawrance River and Lake Champlain. Bishop Conroy has governed the diocese since 1921.

The new Coadjutor was born in Newark. He studied at Seton Hall College and in Rome where he was ordained in 1915. After a few years in parochial work in Jersey he was appointed to the teaching staff of the diocesan seminary, and three years ago was made president of his Alma Mater, Seton Hall. The following year he was named a Papal Chamberlain with the title of Very Reverend Monsignor. In his new office Msgr. Monaghan will be Titular Bishop of Mela. Our cordial best wishes go to the Bishop-elect.

Death of Bishop McCort

The Most Rev. John Joseph McCort, Bishop of Altoona, Pa., died on April 21st, at the age of 76. He came to Altoona as Coadjutor in 1920, after having been Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Philadelphia, since 1912. Bishop McCort was a scholarly man. After completing his studies at St. Charles' Seminary, near Philadelphia, he was ordained in 1883 and appointed at once to the teaching staff of the Seminary where he remained to the end of the century. Later he served as diocesan attorney and then as Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia. In the same year that he went to Altoona as Coadjutor, Bishop Garvey died and he became the Ordinary.

May his soul rest in peace!

Former Provincial of Christian Brothers Dies

In the prime of life, at the age of forty-four, death took Brother Cornelius Malachy, former president of Manhattan College and former provincial of the New York Province of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Brother Cornelius had become provincial in 1932 but was forced by illness to resign last year; he never recovered from that illness and died at the end of April.

Brother Cornelius was a renowned scholar. Born in Waltham, Mass., he joined the Brothers in 1905. He held the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy from Fordham University, and he studied also at Columbia University and in Belgium. He was an accomplished linguist. After having taught at several of the Brothers' schools in New York State, he was appointed president of Manhattan College in 1927, serving for six years. During that time he was elected president of the Association of Universities and Colleges of the State of New York.

May his soul rest in peace!

Father Parsons Retires as Editor of "America"

At the end of April the Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., announced his retirement from the editorship of the Jesuit weekly, *America*. He was succeeded by the Rev. Francis X. Talbot, S. J., who has been an associate editor since 1923. Father Parsons was appointed almost twelve years ago, following the death of the Rev. Richard H. Tierney, S.J. The next year he founded the quarterly magazine, *Thought*.

Father Parsons has the qualities that make a great Catholic editor. He brought to his work a wide knowledge of world affairs. With a keen, analytical mind, and a clear, convincing style, he was able to present the sane, Catholic viewpoint on a wide variety of subjects of vital interest. He was courageous and fearless in advocating justice and fair play, no matter whose ox was gored. In addition to his editorial work Father Parsons found time for lectures and for the direction of study groups, and here, too, he showed remarkable ability as a guide and a leader. There has just come from the press his book, *Mexican Martyrdom*, the result of many years of careful personal investigation and research.

It is expected that Father Parsons will remain in or near New York and that he will continue writing and lecturing. We wish for him that brilliant success in any new endeavors

that he attained as editor of the great Catholic weekly, *America*. And we wish for it sustained prestige in the field of Catholic literature under its new editor, the Rev. Francis X. Talbot, S.J.

Anniversary of Two Papal Encyclicals

The forty-fifth anniversary of Pope Leo's *Rerum Novarum*, and the fifth of the *Quadragesimo Anno* of our present Holy Father, was observed in this country by special sermons, lectures and school exercises. The radio played an important part in the commemoration. The two national systems and many local stations broadcast talks by prominent authorities on sociological questions. The Right Rev. John A. Ryan, director of the Department of Social Action of the N. C. W. C., talked over the "Blue Network" of the National Broadcasting Company at 8:30 P. M. on May 15th. The Most Rev. George L. Leech, Bishop of Harrisburg, Pa., used the "Church of the Air" period of the Columbia Broadcasting System on Sunday, May 17th. There were two talks by Mr. William E. Kerrish during the "Catholic Truth Period," on the Yankee Network of New England, on May 10th and 17th, and Msgr. Ryan spoke on a Washington station on the local "Catholic Hour" there on May 10th.

The Paulist Radio Station, WLWL, in New York, had a special broadcast of an hour from 7 to 8 on the evening of May 15th. It was a symposium under the general title, "The Popes and Society," participated in by the Rev. Dr. Edward Lodge Curran, president of the International Catholic Truth Society of Brooklyn, the Rev. Ignatius W. Cox, S. J., professor of ethics at Fordham University, New York, and Msgr. John A. Ryan of the Catholic University of America.

Our Contributors

THAT "Peace in Europe" is not the chimera that it is generally believed to be, is the thesis advanced by LEONID I. STRAKHOVSKY. In the February number, which contained Dr. Strakhovsky's first contribution to our pages, we told our readers something of the background and qualifications which enable him to write with authority on such subjects.

AGNES M. FINN ("The Eleventh Commandment"), to whom writing is an inherited and almost necessary means of expression, packs much wisdom into her story, for all the lightness of its telling. Miss Finn sailed for Europe at the end of May for several months of travel and rest. She has written for many Catholic and secular magazines as well as for THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

ONE of our most widely known sociologists, REV. EDGAR SCHMIEDELER, O.S.B., PH.D., ("A Silent Revolution"), writes of a movement in which many see the cure for our economic ills. Dr. Schmiedeler entered the Order of St. Benedict in 1915 and later pursued his studies at the Catholic University, whence he holds his Ph.D. degree. He is at present director of the Rural Life Bureau and Family Life Section of the Social Action Department of the N.C.W.C. and the Executive Secretary of the Catholic Conference on Family Life. Dr. Schmiedeler is the author of many authoritative studies in his field and a contributor to many sociological journals.

JAMES W. LANE ("Birds in June") confesses to being "more than slightly demented on the subject of birds." If so, it is sanity well lost for the evident pleasure his hobby affords him. Notwithstanding, Mr. Lane is a very sane and discriminating art critic, as our readers know.

COUPLED with Father LaFarge's "Mind of John LaFarge" in our March, 1935, issue, VIOLA ROSEBORO's delightful "Conversations with John LaFarge" gives us a well-rounded picture of that great man. Born in Tennessee "a very long time ago" Miss Roseboro' came from a country parsonage to New York with a "simple-headed notion" of going on the stage. She arrived at being the leading lady on the road in "The Light of London," and then turned to literary work. She is the author of several books, novels and collections of short stories, many of the latter written originally for the *Century* magazine. She lives at present in New Dorp, S. I.

IN October, 1932, BARBARA BARCLAY CARTER wrote an article for us, her first, on "Alfred Noyes." In the same vein she now writes "Modern English Poetry" from the standpoint of its Catholic inspiration. We know her also as the translator of the works of Don Sturzo. Miss Carter is the author of *Ship Without Sails*, a reconstruction of the latter part of Dante's life, recently reviewed by us. She came into the Church in 1920 and has had a distinguished scholastic career at the Sorbonne and the Institut Catholique in Paris. She is a contributor to the *Contemporary Review*, the *Dublin Review*, *Blackfriars*, *The Commonweal*, etc.

LAWRENCE LUCEY, the young author of last month's leading article, "Housing and Crime," gives us this month his second contribution in "Theodore Roosevelt and Social Justice."

AT present a student of Divinity at St. Mary's College, Kansas, Arthur E. Gleason, S.J. ("The Lady Must Choose"), holds his M.A. from St. Louis University. He has taught English and the Classics at Loyola (Chicago) and at the University of Detroit High School and is a contributor to *America*, *Truth*, *The Commonweal*, and the *New Scholasticism*. He will be remembered as the author of "Distorted Standards" in our February, 1935, number.

OUR dramatic critic, EUPHEMIA VAN RENSSELAER (MRS. CHRISTOPHER) WYATT, writes on a much discussed subject, "What About Stage Censorship?" Besides her work for us, Mrs. Wyatt directs the dramatic department of *The Talk of the Town*, edits *The Carrollian* and is active on the advisory boards of the Barat Settlement, Albertus Magnus College for Women, and the Carroll Club. She is much in demand as a lecturer on historical and literary subjects.

WE are glad to have the expert judgment of PARKER THOMAS MOON, B.S., PH.D. ("The Outlook for War"), in the appreciation of Mr. Eppstein's important book. One of our foremost Catholic scholars, Dr. Moon is Professor of International Relations at Columbia University and Editor of the *Political Science Quarterly*. He is the author of many important works in his field, a former President and present Chairman of Economic Relations of the Catholic Association for International Peace, former President of the American Catholic Historical Society and a member of many learned societies.

OUR poets this month: CHARLES G. MORTIMER ("In a Sussex Lane") is an old contributor, an English convert who was for many years Classical and Historical Master at Stonyhurst College. EVELYN (MRS. DAVID) DEASY ("El Camino Real") is a California poet first known to us through her "Old St. Mary's," celebrating the Church of the Paulist Fathers in San Francisco and published in our March, 1935, number. L. MOULTON ("Wild Strawberry Leaves") is an occasional contributor who though American born has been living abroad for the past fourteen years. SHIRLEY DILLON WAITE ("Prairie Woman's Prayer") is new to our pages but her work has been widely published in other periodicals, Catholic and secular. Mrs. Waite is the mother of three children and takes an active part in the management of a successful business in Birmingham, Ala., left to her by her husband at his death five years ago.

New Books

The Dawn of a New Era, 1250-1453. By Edward P. Cheyney.—The Intellectualism of St. Thomas. By Pierre Rousselot, S.J.—A History of American Biography, 1800-1935. By Edward H. O'Neill.—Mussolini's Italy. By Herman Finer.—The New Book of English Verse. Edited by Charles Williams.—An Augustine Synthesis. Arranged by Erich Przywara, S.J.—Polarity. By Erich Przywara, S.J.—The Life and Times of Beethoven. By Edouard Herriot.—Wake Up and Live! By Dorothea Brande.—A History of Europe. Vols. II. and III. By H. A. L. Fisher.—The Logic of William of Ockham. By Ernest Moody.—Personal Pleasures. By Rose Macaulay.—The Minor Pleasures of Life. Arranged and Selected by Rose Macaulay.—George Eliot. By Blanche Colton Williams.—The Greatest of the Borgias. By Margaret Yeo.—Man and Beast. By Theodore Maynard.—Call Back the Spring. By Daniel Whitehead Hicky.—From Dingle to Derry. By John Richard Moreland.—The Hosting of the King. By Michael Earls, S.J.—The Romance of Truth. By John Bernard Kelly.—Songsmith. By Rev. Gerald W. E. Dunne.—Quarried Crystals. By Mary Cummings Eudy.—Fear Is the Thorn. By Rachel Field.—The Happy Wanderer. By Francis P. Keyes.—Shorter Notices.

The Dawn of a New Era, 1250-1453. The Rise of Modern Europe Series. By Edward P. Cheyney. New York: Harper & Bros. $2.75.

His many devoted students and the vastly larger number of historical scholars who are in deep admiration of Professor Cheyney, both as man and as scholar, will rejoice for the abundant energies which have enabled him to add yet another work of solid learning to the impressive list of studies in English and European history that bear his signature. He has long been a specialist in the period covered by this volume; thirty-two years ago he revealed a fine mastery of it in his *European Background of American History*, and his course in English relations with the Continent from the fourteenth through the sixteenth century was long one of the most famous in American graduate schools. Now comes this work as the ripe fruition of a lifetime study.

It is in every respect a book that will commend itself to all who recognize and value sound and careful scholarship. Close study of authorities, original search of contemporary sources on many important points, careful documentation and a long critical bibliographical essay, all these reveal the historian who is dominated by one motive: to bring his mind into union with the actuality of the past and to show what that past really was. Of such merit is this book, and I would emphasize the fact strongly lest the tone of this review, from what now follows, carry any suggestion of disparagement.

For what I am coming to is this: There are just complaints to be made against this admirably erudite presentation of late medieval life; not against its factual accuracy (which, I doubt not, is nearly perfect); still less against its structural form (which is excellent); but against some of its generalizations, some of its omissions, and its neglect of the ideal and spiritual content of the age. I can specify these complaints, unfortunately, in only the briefest way. There is, for one instance, a distinct tendency towards exaggerating the degree to which the

later medieval economic order was revolutionized by the urban and capitalistic development. "In these 200 years," Professor Cheyney declares, "trade, industry and finance, under the influence of a nascent capitalism, superseded agriculture as the main economic basis of European society." Now I believe any specialist in social history would affirm that this is a very exaggerated over-statement; for indeed the primacy of trade industry and finance over agriculture did not actually come in Europe until the last century. Or consider another generalized statement appearing on the very same page: "Little that was specifically medieval survived in any vigor the middle of the thirteenth century." Who will not make dispute over this? Can Professor Cheyney, cautious as he has ever been in generalizing, really mean what these words mean? It is certainly hard to believe so.

Now turn to the matter of omissions. This volume is manifestly a study in cultural history; the whole life of the age, in its main forms at least, is the subject of presentation; and yet matters of the first importance are passed over with a brief word or ignored entirely. We are told next to nothing of the monarchies and the transformation they underwent, although a detailed account of the rise of estate representation is given; the revived use of the Roman law is likewise virtually ignored. And capitalism in agriculture is no more than hinted at, despite Professor Cheyney's sustained effort to deal thoroughly with economic and social change.

But above everything else one misses here a presentation of the thought of the age. St. Thomas's great work was done in the first quarter century of this period; his name does not appear in the book. Nor is any account given of the history of ideas save with respect to several theological heresies. One gets the impression indeed that Professor Cheyney does not regard ideas as playing a very important rôle in the historic process; and certainly it is plain that he is more concerned, as an historical writer, with the form, method and external structure of literature than with its substantial content. Thus the fact that writers began to write in the vernacular seems to him more significant than what ideas they expressed; which is, I think, quite of a piece with his general view that the most fundamental change marking the transition from medieval to modern times was the increase of wealth and commerce. Therein lies, of course, the major imperfection of this study, as of all other historical writing in which material factors of causation are given an undue importance. The result is ever the same: the spirit of the age is not recaptured, and no matter how much erudition the author employs, his work issues as a kind of post-mortem report upon the past instead of an evocation of its life.

R. J. S. H.

The Intellectualism of St. Thomas. By Pierre Rousselot, S.J. Translated by Father James E. O'Mahoney, O.M.Cap., M.A., Ph.D. New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.50.

The chief motive which inspired the writing of this book was to contest the opinion that the "voluntarist" school represented by Duns Scotus is better adapted to meet the religious needs of the soul than the "intellectualist" system of St. Thomas. It brought immediate recognition to its author—a profes-

sor of Theology at the Institut Catholique in Paris—as one of the leading modern exponents of authentic Thomism; but unfortunately he was called to the colors in the French Army and was killed in action in 1915 at the age of thirty-six.

In order to reach the heart of the Thomistic metaphysics, Père Rousselot begins with the fundamental principle of the primacy of contemplation. That principle, expanded into an affirmation of the absolute value of the act of intelligence, places the reader in possession of the master idea which links up philosophy and theology in an indissoluble synthesis. The author sums up the doctrine of St. Thomas in the formula: Intelligence is the faculty of the real, because it is the faculty of the divine. By reason of the identity of spiritual reality and of idea, the acquisition of the Supreme Reality formally takes place by means of the intellect; and the final destiny of man, the noblest act of mind, is the vision of God. Here on earth and under human conditions, abstraction and affirmation are efforts on the part of the intelligence to find a substitute for pure ideas and to feign a direct intuition of reality.

Although crowned by the French Academy, this book has waited more than twenty years to be translated into English, largely because of the exceptionally difficult style of the author. One can hardly imagine a person better fitted to translate it than the distinguished Capuchin, Father James O'Mahoney, both by reason of his masterly study on *The Desire of God in St. Thomas Aquinas*, and because of his early sympathy for Rousselot. Yet we cannot say that he has presented us with a completely satisfactory and smoothly finished piece of work. Many of the sentences should have been labored over longer until they became more intelligible. Indeed, one is tempted to ask whether Rousselot's valuable book might not have attained a wider usefulness if, instead of giving us a translation, Father James had summarized it, adapting it to the needs of those who will find the literal translation too forbidding.

It is easy to justify the translator's omission of the bibliography composed chiefly of works in French which presumably would be of little service to the English reader. It is more difficult to excuse the omission of Père de Grandmaison's interesting sketch of Rousselot, and that of the Analytical Table, of the Key to the Abbreviations, and of the dedication *A Mes Parents*. Also the next edition should correct several printers' errors, such as "contines" for "continens" on page 42; "Visitors" for "Victorines" on page 68; "contains" for "obtains" on page 144; "intellectus" for "intellectum" on page 156. J. McS.

A History of American Biography, 1800-1935. By Edward H. O'Neill. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $4.00.

It is indeed seldom that the present reviewer can give the unqualified praise to a book which he now wishes to give to this much-needed, sane, and pioneering study in American biography. Mr. O'Neill defines biography as "the re-creation of a man as he really was, as he lived and moved and had his being." This common sense approach to his subject is then continued in a judicious Introduction which reëstablishes several principles of biographical writing sorely in need of reiteration

at the present time. Succeeding chapters of his volume offer a surprisingly comprehensive survey of our biographical literature from the beginning of the nineteenth century up to the present day. The whole study is admirably planned: special sections of it are devoted to adequate analyses of all our Lincoln and Washington biographies; the influence of such Europeans as Strachey, Ludwig, and Maurois upon their American disciples is studied in detail; the treatment of biographies of politicians and statesmen is both unprejudiced and complete; and the closing pages of the book offer a thought-provoking discussion of the problems confronting the biographer of to-day, as well as the ways in which our writers are meeting—or failing to meet—those problems. Finally, the bibliography is, without a doubt, the most exhaustive one of its kind that I have so far seen.

Some few, of course, may cavil at Mr. O'Neill's individual evaluations. Others may find themselves annoyed just a bit by his appearance of dogmatism in implying too often that such-and-such a book "is the best account that has been or will be written" about its subject. Such carping would be unprofitable. For Mr. O'Neill is usually refreshingly sane: he condemns those biographers who pounce upon phobias, philes, psychoses, and complexes, as a cat pounces upon a mouse. "General Grant had no idea that he was a zoöphile, nor did Nathaniel Hawthorne ever guess that he was an introvert." Mr. Hibben's "rare talent for ditch-wading" and Mr. Masters' flippancy are justifiably excoriated. We are warned of the merciless "scalpel" of the psychopathic writer and are told that "the picture of a disembodied soul is hardly the stuff of good biography." Further, psychoanalysis alone, Mr. O'Neill insists, cannot interpret character. It cannot "re-create the dead, for it separates the individual into his component parts, explains and interprets some of them, but leaves the question of human nature unanswered."

It is satisfying to see that our author pays well-deserved attention to such Catholic biographers as the Rev. Peter Guilday, Father Ross, Professor Reilly, and Miss Repplier—to name but a few whom he discusses. It is rewarding to find such a thorough study by a man whose idealism can prompt him, when comparing the quests of Cortes and Loyola, to observe that "there can be no doubt as to the higher significance of Loyola's quest." It is refreshing to note Mr. O'Neill's sly sense of humor—which makes him observe, while telling of the fanatic Lorenzo Dow's attempt to convert the Irish to "real Christianity," that "there is, however, a limit to every man's success." Finally, it is a pleasant duty of this reviewer to add that every student of biographical literature will find a copy of A History of American Biography an indispensable book, an ambitiously projected work which is a pioneer in the field. C. McC.

Mussolini's Italy. By Herman Finer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.75.

This is a useful interpretation of Mussolini's Italy, because it has been written by a critic, not a partisan. Dr. Herman Finer, who is lecturer in Public Administration at the University of London, gathered his material from friends and foes of the Fascist régime in Italy, inter-

viewing *Il Duce* in the Chigi Palace as well as the peasants of the Romagna and the industrial workers of the North. Consequently, there is little lyricism and less diatribe than might have been expected from a professed lover of democratic, liberal institutions.

What the reader will welcome most of all in Dr. Finer's volume is the opportunity to refresh his knowledge of the Italian parliamentary system from 1870 to 1922. Events paved the way for the dictatorship and Mussolini became as inevitable as the "Man on Horseback" after the French Revolution. In the crisis the Fascists were the one willful, ruthless force, determined to achieve their object. Violence is integral to such a creed. And the corollary of violence is subordination of the sanctity of human life and human personality to the alleged exigences of the Nation-State, Absolute and Omnipotent.

But as the author penetratingly observes, "Mussolini would not possess the State if he could not possess the Party, and he would lose the Party if, possessing the State, he governed it incompetently." *Il Duce* understands human nature, adds constantly to his wide range of knowledge, compels admiration and respect by his disinterestedness, industry, personal fascination, and courage of responsibility. More than this, he is an artist, if not a genius, original, sustained, and apt. His real peril lies not in personal unresourcefulness but in the poverty of the land which it has been his destiny to dominate.

One phase of Dr. Finer's analysis is surprisingly inadequate. It is evident that he has never savored intimately of Christianity and as a result he gives but a sketchy account of the rôle of the *Partito Popolare* in pre-Fascist Italy. The name of Don Sturzo is just barely mentioned. So too with the Lateran Treaty and the place of religion in the life of the Italian people. For this reason the concluding chapter, "Spiritual Gains and Losses of Fascism," which should be the best, is one of the least impressive of the whole study. J. F. T.

The New Book of English Verse. Edited by Charles Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00.

Mr. Williams, aided by a distinguished group of Associate Editors, has brought out an anthology that includes nothing contained in *The Golden Treasury* or *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. It will have to be taken with these classical collections as a well-nigh definitive *corpus* of the best in the English poets. Beside it should be placed Sir John Squire's *Cambridge Book of Lesser Poets* as a supplement; and if we add to these Ward's *English Poets* and the collections made by Robert Bridges, Alice Meynell, Walter de la Mare, and Aldous Huxley, the needs of the general reader will be adequately supplied. For contemporary verse there are other anthologies. Mr. Williams draws a line after Gerard Manley Hopkins, admitting no later poet.

It will seem surprising that Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" was not included in either of the volumes whose omissions he undertook to make good. What will be more surprising is that the poets who obtain most space here (with the exception of Milton and Wordsworth) are Skelton and Donne, to each of whom thirty pages are allotted. Other surprises are that the whole of Drayton's "Nimphidia," which takes up

twenty-two pages, and Byron's "Vision of Judgment," an even longer poem, are reproduced entire; that Rochester is given twelve pages; and that Hopkins is represented by two comparatively commonplace sonnets which have not previously been published. But if we consider Mr. Williams's purpose—that of supplying what other anthologists have overlooked—his apparent eccentricities of selection are amply justified. The distinguishing feature of his anthology is its inclusion of long poems, and of extracts from epic or dramatic works. Former anthologists have over simplified their task by confining themselves in the main to the lyric outburst. Mr. Williams has redressed the balance. T. M.

An Augustine Synthesis. Arranged by Erich Przywara, S.J. New York: Sheed & Ward. $4.00.

Polarity. By Erich Przywara, S.J. Translated by A. C. Bouquet. New York: Oxford University Press. $3.00.

Father Przywara—a devoted disciple of St. Augustine and of Newman, whom he calls the "Augustine Redivivus of modern times"—became known to a wide circle of English readers through *A Newman Synthesis*, translated into English in 1930. He now gives us a book of nearly 500 pages, including more than 900 passages selected from nearly 50 works, so arranged as to make a sort of continuous treatise representative of the Saint's teaching. The name of the translator is not given.

The titles of some of the sections help to convey an idea of the nature of the book: Truth; Faith—Understanding—Vision; Eternal Search for the Eternal God; Creature—Creator; Spirit—God; God—Man; The Way, the Truth, the Life; Head and Body; The City of God; Man of God; Man to God; Man in God.

Not light reading by any means, this book will yet serve to introduce readers on rather easy terms to a Saint very human, as his widely read *Confessions* shows him to be, and also one of the greatest intellects in history. It is no exaggeration to say that any thoughtful man who opens the volume at random will find passages that will amply repay his time and trouble. To become familiar with the teaching of St. Augustine is to enter into possession of one of the richest stores of Christian spirituality that we have.

From a practical point of view at least, Dr. Bouquet's translation of Father Przywara's treatise on religious philosophy is of questionable value, except within a narrow circle of trained philosophers. The translator, who is not a Catholic, presents it to British and American readers, partly in order to prove that the construction of a philosophy of religion is not essentially a Protestant form of activity. The author—referred to as one of the best philosophical minds in Germany to-day, "with a certain mental richness, perhaps only paralleled by von Hügel, and a grip of the whole field of religious philosophy"—undertakes to discuss the question, "What is the fundamental metaphysical pre-supposition regarding subject and object, and their correlation which brings together philosophy and theology in the eyes of the Catholic and unites them as organically one?" His attempt to solve the problem, or rather to provide the means of solving it, consists chiefly of an exposition of the principle of the *"Analogia Entis,"* a term to which he

gives a special meaning, differentiating it from the "Analogy of Being" of St. Thomas.

To what extent he is successful will remain a matter of debate among those who have the technical knowledge and the persistence to master the argument of this extremely difficult book. That the author possesses profound scholarship, extraordinary speculative ability, luminous conceptions of historical events, no one will deny; but Thomists certainly will be slow to admit that he has provided a satisfactory solution of the problem posed, or even that he has adequately represented the Thomistic teaching.

Incidentally, a puzzling sentence on page 114, affirms that Newman, at the time of the appearance of the Encyclical *Æterni Patris*, claimed that he was a disciple of Aquinas, and the reference given for this statement is "a letter to Father Whitty, December 28, 1878." Since the *Æterni Patris* was issued in August, 1879; and since no such letter as the one cited is known to the man most familiar with Newman's correspondence, Father Henry Tristram, of the Birmingham Oratory; and since in a letter to Father Whitty, of December 20, 1878, Newman does not even suggest that he is a disciple of Aquinas, the sentence in question seems to be both confused and inexact. J. McS.

The Life and Times of Beethoven. By Edouard Herriot. Translated by A. L. and W. J. Mitchell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00.

Though M. Herriot offers no fresh biographical material he has made in this book a distinctive contribution to the Beethoven literature. The tapestries that he weaves as background for the artistic and emotional life of the great composer, are rich and varied. If the perspective suffers at times, if the figures now and then blend confusedly, the color and lively stir of the period are caught for the reader, as poets, musicians, commanders, kings, and emperors, conquering or retreating armies, pass backstage. The author frankly admits that his subject—the "incomparable master"—is steeped for him in such an atmosphere of feeling, that he has found it difficult to maintain a calm, impartial tone. The rhapsodic note, the hyperbolical epithet betray the fact that the author is under the spell of Beethoven's magnetic personality—"the expression of a rich inner life." The emotional tone of the original has not been lowered by the translators, who, moreover, seem to be not quite at home with English idioms, and word connotations. To give one example, it is rather a shock to read that the Seventh Symphony "expresses the spiritual *capers* of the soul."

The author cleaves to the traditional account of Beethoven's last days, and, ignoring the views and researches of Thayer and other recent biographers, depicts Beethoven as dying in extreme poverty, and reduced through want to appealing to the London Philharmonic Society for assistance.

This book appeared when the tension in Europe between the armed camps was growing more and more taut. M. Herriot knows no national boundaries in great art. Music, he believes, should unite, should act as a solvent for the hard crusts of antagonism and misunderstanding. "What happy progress there would be," he reflects, "if in all parts of the world where the Ninth Sympho-

ny might be echoed, those devoted to Beethoven would feel themselves reunited in the fraternity of an all-embracing creed!"

Beethoven lovers will wish to add this interesting and stimulating study to their collection. M. C. M.

Wake Up and Live! By Dorothea Brande. New York: Simon & Schuster. $1.75.

Do not mistake this for "just another" course of lessons on the way to succeed. If you know the writer, her name will preclude that possibility. If not you will, after reading a few pages, realize that you have to do with a gifted author and a clever book.

To be sure, the wisdom is spread a bit thin over 200 pages; critical readers may protest that not all our defeats are due to the "Will to Fail"; and some one might not unreasonably object that the external elements of human endeavor are too much stressed. But, for all that, these chapters contribute to the solving of a common human problem, since they present a workable plan for the development of what most of us badly need,—a strong will. And if different readers carry away different notions of what the precise formula of improvement actually is, they will not thereby surprise the author, for she evidently hopes to teach varying types of people at one and the same time.

Dorothea Brande has insight, sympathy, experience, skill. Without ever formulating a single religious principle, she inculcates a code which is spiritual in its implications. Some of her chapters should be listed as required reading for restless folk who keep running around in circles and getting nowhere; for others who get embittered by reason of repeated failure; and for that large multitude, so young and so promising a little while ago, who are just now becoming aware that the inexorable years have brought them notably closer to the end of a useless life.

Where teachers, and analysts, psychologists, physicians and preachers have failed, or presumably would fail, this little volume may succeed. Even if it does not obviously rise above the plane of benevolent humanism, it is good as far as it goes; and to come thus to the aid of bewildered and frustrated souls is surely a deed not without merit in Christian eyes. J. McS.

A History of Europe. By H. A. L. Fisher. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Vols. II and III. $4.00 each.

The second volume of Fisher's *History of Europe* dealing with the Renaissance and the Reformation merits the same condemnation as the first, which we reviewed in the December CATHOLIC WORLD. Although well written it is in many instances inaccurate, replete with anti-Catholic prejudice, and dependent, as his bibliography proves, on a number of unreliable authorities.

For example, Fisher falsely asserts that Pope Clement VII. had papal precedents for the proposed annulment of the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catherine of Aragon, although the two instances he cites prove exactly the contrary; that the Popes issued indulgences for the remittance of sins of every kind, and did not insist upon confession and repentance; that English monasticism in the reign of Henry VIII. was grossly immoral and had outlived its usefulness; that Sixtus V. gloated over the poisoning of certain *banditti* of the Campagna; that Mary

Queen of Scots was clearly in the plot to assassinate Elizabeth, who after "long and painful hesitation" (*sic*) signed the death warrant; that Calvin was "the most Christian man of his generation," even if he did burn Servetus at the stake, and make God the author of evil; that the Council of Trent "perpetuated by its decrees the spirit of an austere immorality," whatever Lord Acton, whom he quotes, meant by these words.

When Fisher mentions the Jesuits he always sees red; he credits them with every conceivable crime—murder, immorality, intolerance, obscurantism. They brought about the Thirty Years' War, for the Emperor Ferdinand II. was "a crowned Jesuit"; they were guilty of the murders of William of Orange and of Wallenstein; they drove the Huguenots from France, and fought "saintly" Jansenists like Quesnel, in whom they found heresies that did not exist; they "debased the moral currency of Christendom" by their writings, as is proved by that inaccurate pamphleteer, Pascal. Fisher's fable about Kircher and the Jesuit, who, in the name of Aristotle, denied the existence of the spots on the sun, proves somewhat of a boomerang. Fisher does not seem to know that his indignant scientist, Kircher, was a Jesuit!

The third volume, The Liberal Experiment, is a summary account of the French Revolution; the rise and fall of Napoleon; the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 in France, Germany and Austria; the Crimean and the Franco-Prussian Wars; the founding of the German Empire; the unification of Italy; British rule in India and Egypt; the Great War and its aftermath, the Treaty of Versailles; the League of Nations; the dictatorships in Russia, Germany, Italy and Turkey.

Now and again Fisher cannot resist having his fling at Catholic Ireland, Catholic Spain and the Pope. Irish Catholics are ignorant and priest-ridden; the principles and practice of free government are alien to Roman Catholic countries; the Spaniards in the Americas drove the Indian to the altar under the compulsion of the lash. The Syllabus he cannot interpret intelligently, for he naïvely maintains that it condemned modern progress and civilization.

The bibliography is meagre and unfair, referring the reader to Froude for a History of the Council of Trent, to Prescott for a life of Philip II., to Strachey for a sketch of Elizabeth, to Lea for the Spanish Inquisition. Only a few Catholic authors are mentioned — Pastor, Janssens, Gasquet, De la Gorce, etc. Imagine discussing Luther without even a mention of Grisar or Denifle, or the Council of Trent, without ever referring to the critical histories published by the Goerres Society. B. L. C.

The Logic of William of Ockham. By Ernest Moody. New York: Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

The author of this engaging study discusses the famous William of Ockham from a novel point of view. He believes that if William had flourished a half century or so earlier he would never have been characterized as a determined anti-Aristotelian; but that, living as he did, in the fourteenth century, when the roots of the new skepticism must have been sprouting, he fitted so nicely into an otherwise unfilled framework that historians could not resist the temptation to find in him the

Neoplatonist pioneer of the Renaissance. The Nominalists of the fifteenth century actually did name William their intellectual progenitor. It has become a tradition therefore, that he was the link between the late Scholastic and the early modern philosophy; and "the final characterization of Ockham as skeptical, 'modern,' anti-Aristotelian, and empirically or positivistically-minded, is the accepted characterization, comfortably established on the shelves of our libraries."

To challenge, or at least carefully to investigate, the evidence for this characterization is the purpose of the present book. The author's method is to place before us Ockham's own words, and allow us to decide the question whether Ockham's theory of science was or was not essentially Aristotelian.

With commendable diligence, Mr. Moody has gone over all Ockham's writings and over virtually all the available secondary sources in Latin, German, French and English, with the single purpose of getting at the kernel of Ockham's thought and discovering what his Nominalism really implied with regard to science. He states as his own opinion that Ockham was engaged in an attempt to uncover and dislodge the non-Aristotelian elements in the medieval interpretation of the Stagirite, due chiefly—he believes—to the reintroduction of the neoplatonist influence by Duns Scotus after St. Thomas had eliminated it.

One of the indications that Ockham was not really anti-Aristotelian, is the fact that "among the theories criticized by Ockham it is hard to discover any that were, in the sense in which he attacked them, essential to the philosophy of St. Thomas." Mr. Moody regards it as at least probable that William was no more hostile to Aristotle than St. Thomas was to St. Augustine. That is to say, as St. Thomas attacked doctrines which sprang from a fusion of Augustinism with the epistemological theory of Avicenna, so Ockham assailed an Aristotelianism which had been distorted by Arab and Neoplatonist interpreters.

Mr. Moody's work will compel revision of a current opinion about Ockham's attitude toward realism in science. As for other aspects of Ockham's teaching which have moved historians to classify him as a destructive influence and essentially a Protestant mind, they are not within the scope of the present study. J. McS.

Personal Pleasures. By Rose Macaulay. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

The Minor Pleasures of Life. Arranged and Selected by Rose Macaulay. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.

With Horation and mellifluous sophistication, Miss Macaulay anchors the fleeting moments of her life to her pen. Here is one on the Departure of Visitors: "An exquisite peace obtains: a drowsy, golden peace, flowing honey-sweet over my dwelling, soaking it, dripping like music from the walls, strewing the floors like trodden herbs. . . . Dear visitors, what largesse have you given, not only in departing but in coming that we might learn to prize your absence, wallow the more exquisitely in the leisure of your non-being. . . . We send you Godspeed and sink into our idle peace as into floods of down. But you have unfortunately left behind you, besides peace, a fountain pen, a toothbrush, and a bottle of eye lotion with an eye bath."

We have condensed this single essay as it is a very fair sample of the book, graceful, fugitive, witty, comfortably selfish and charming. Miss Macaulay has a nice appreciation of the amenities, natural, human or mechanical. We fly, walk, drive, bathe, travel, talk, read and write with her. Among her happiest papers are Beds, Book Auctions, Bulls and Believing. Church Going contrasts the purely external impressions of services in an Anglican, Catholic, Quaker and Unitarian Church. Miss Macaulay's mode is to skim the cream off the milk of life and she likes to sip it with her public.

In the fatter compass of the Minor Pleasures she has classified excerpts from her well-stocked library. There must be nearly three hundred and fifty different authors of which the ones most frequently quoted are Boswell, Evelyn, Pepys, Walpole, Izaak Walton, Swift, Congreve and Montaigne; Ovid, Cicero and Pliny, with Milton's Prose writings, Isaac Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Browne's *Religio Medici* and Aubrey's *Brief Lives*. Byron and Herrick are the most favored poets. But Miss Macaulay has also one of my favorite little personal peeps into history in the extract from Sidonius Apollinaris in which he describes a country visit and picnic in the fifth century in Provence. It is quaint literary rummage guaranteed to pass time with small profit.

E. VR. W.

George Eliot. By Blanche Colton Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00.

Although Dr. Williams intends her excellent biography "primarily to array the chief external facts of Mary Anne Evan's life and of George Eliot's life" from older sources as well as new (including several hitherto unpublished letters now in the possession of Dr. Williams herself), she has, in this well-rounded and fresh study, the achievement of having given us our first biography of the great Victorian which completely and satisfactorily synthesizes, also, the all important details of George Eliot's inner life. For George Eliot—so Dr. Williams is convinced—was never "from her earliest years free from a sense of destiny." And, as forces shaping this destiny, were all of the novelist's experiences and backgrounds—her fine heritage from her father and mother; the Griff Farm days; her Coventry friendships with Bray and the Hennells when the foundations of her Positivistic philosophy were laid; her travels; the color and texture of the times themselves; and, above all, that union with "the lesser George—the homeliest man in London," who so perfectly complemented her own nature as to give Dr. Williams sound assurance for saying that "the genius of George Eliot resulted from the union between Marian Evans and George Henry Lewes."

For to George Eliot, Lewes was more than the "elective affinity" which Mrs. Browning called him: it is impossible not to share in the echo of Mrs. Browning's disapproval of their relationship; but it is also impossible not to see—as Dr. Williams sees so clearly—that without Lewes's encouragement, George Eliot would have continued merely the indefatigable reviewer she was in 1856 (when for one issue of the *Westminster* she "commented on" twenty-seven books!), instead of becoming the creative writer, the novelist and poet. And, although

this biography is not intended primarily as a critical one, it should be noted that its careful evaluations of the novels and poems give it a utility that not even Cross's monumental *Life* can have for the majority of readers. These critical analyses are complete and satisfying. Again, they are acutely discerning at times, as when, for example, Dr. Williams tells us that Silas Marner himself "is a portrait of what Wordsworth might have been had his lot been that of Silas. . ."—thus tracing in George Eliot, the natural ramifications of Wordsworth's teachings.

In his notes, Jowett recorded the novelist's belief that one's better feelings for others, rather than right or reason, determines our conduct. It seems to me that Dr. Williams's study might have placed more emphasis upon this Positivistic note in the novels themselves. Apart from this, I find it impossible not to commend the volume: it is scholarly; the quality of its writing is admirably sustained; it is not loaded down with compromising theory; it is interesting even in its details. Dr. Williams has made George Eliot more vitally alive for us than any previous biographer. C. McC.

The Greatest of the Borgias. By Margaret Yeo. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $2.50.

Mrs. Yeo has profited by the studies undertaken when writing *Don John of Austria* and *St. Francis Xavier* and as a result, her Francis Borgia excels them. There is a depth to it which was lacking in her earlier work. Of course, Francisco de Borgia, Duke of Gandia, known to us as St. Francis Borgia and to Spain as "the holy Duke," is a character with whom it would be difficult to be dull. He spent eighteen adult years in the world, a Grandee of Spain and a Viceroy of Catalonia, and then, upon the death of his wife, sixteen years in religion, a member of the Society of Jesus and their third General.

The Greatest of the Borgias takes down from its pedestal the plaster cast of a saint with a golden halo, and leaves us the remembrance of a man whose life was an example of sound judgment in the scale of values, of one who, having lived a Christian life in the world, lived a Christlike life in religion. Considering his heritage such a life becomes remarkable: he was born in the purple but with a bar sinister across it. His father was Juan, he who was drowned in the Tiber, the son of Alexander the Sixth, the brother of Cesare Borgia and Lucrezia. His mother was Juana, daughter of the Archbishop of Zaragoza, illegitimate son of Ferdinand of Aragon. Yet the greatest of the Borgias was a saint who devoted his life to the reform of the Church and of Christian life.

Both in the world and in religion Francis Borgia fulfilled the duties of his state at the cost of self-sacrifice and self-denial. It was not easy for the courtier, the friend of kings, the spoiled child of fortune, to live a truly Christian life in the midst of distraction and corruption. Nor was it easier for the priest who had shaken off "the dust of Egypt" and sought a precious solitude at Onate, to leave his sanctuary and plunge again into the turmoil of life in the service of his Society and the Church. The integrity of his character, his undeviating honesty, are qualities valuable to us in a day marked by a certain slackness and laxity of thought. While not an outstanding book this is a very readable one. R. M. O'R.

Man and Beast. By Theodore Maynard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.

Call Back the Spring. By Daniel Whitehead Hicky. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.

From Dingle to Derry. By John Richard Moreland. Dallas: The Kaleidograph Press. $1.50.

The Hosting of the King. By Michael Earls, S.J. Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press. $1.00.

The Romance of Truth. By John Bernard Kelly. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. $1.50.

Songsmith. By Rev. Gerald W. E. Dunne, Litt.D. Toledo: Toledo Artcraft Co. $2.00.

Quarried Crystals. By Mary Cummings Eudy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Fear is the Thorn. By Rachel Field. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.35.

The Happy Wanderer. By Francis Parkinson Keyes. New York: Julian Messner. $2.00.

Of the volumes of poetry and essays here under review, Theodore Maynard's **Man and Beast** is the most distinguished for its sustained qualities of delicacy, imagination, and restraint. Dr. Maynard's genius is a many-sided one, difficult to estimate. But his "In the Wood" offers two lines that suggest a key to the high beauty of his volume: "And the hands of beauty tug at my heart." There is always a quiet beauty tugging at the heart of this author, however that beauty may shape itself: mildly satirical as in "Tiger"; suffused with the simple tones of "The Virgin's Slumber Song"; lambent, perhaps, with the quick grace of "Leave the Window Open." And, furthermore, that beauty is always restrained with an instinctive artistry: Dr. Maynard's poetic impulses are, in the finest sense, those of the mind rather than the heart; and they are also always adroitly confined by the most felicitous sense of form.

This sense of form is not less erring in Mr. Hicky's poems. The meters are conventional: the sonnets are especially impeccable. Sharp and intense are the images, precisely daring, and unforgettable: the portrait of a young nun with her face pressed against the pane, hearing "a robin break its heart upon a black bough"; an old man "braving knife-edged weather"; Beauty eluding "like shadow after flame." But Beauty is not entirely elusive: **Call Back the Spring** has captured much of it.

John Moreland's **From Dingle to Derry** is as Irish as its title indicates: in theme, music, glowing tendernesses, wistful moods. There are pictures of twisted roads that lead to Irish towns, the colleen dreaming by her doorway, stone cottages, "A cup o' tea so golden brown"—these are the backgrounds for Mr. Moreland's lass and lover!

It is the author's directness of tone and his versatility which most impress one upon reading Father Earls' **The Hosting of the King**, named after the poem celebrating the Eucharistic Congress of 1932. Father Earls proves his genuine inspiration as a poet by both his easy mastery of diverse meters and his poetic sensibility; he demonstrates further the authenticity of that inspiration by a deep religious fervor which lends beauty to, but never sets limitations upon, the subject matter itself. St. Joseph and Simon of Cyrene are in this volume; but so, too, is the man at Arachat and the atheist, "purblind with earth."

Father Kelly's **The Romance of**

Truth is a compact volume of poetry and essays, vigorously done, direct and forceful of phrase, and reflecting what Father Kelly's friend, Irvin Cobb, calls "the lovely and gracious things of life." The essays are on diverse themes: the moral responsibilities of the writer, St. Francis, the American press, the relations of church and artist, etc.

Real song can be struck "only on the anvil of eternal truth," says Dr. Dunne in the title poem of his Songsmith. The volume is prefaced by a sound essay attacking artificiality, shallowness, and mere externalism in literary art; and the poems themselves—whose "tempered tone hath potency"—are effective expressions of Dr. Dunne's guiding literary principle. They are somewhat lacking in varieties of tone color, but otherwise authentic.

Mary Cummings Eudy's Quarried Crystals and Rachel Field's Fear is the Thorn offer a sharp contrast. The lyrics in the former volume are crisp, sharply cut from life. But their impact upon the reader is too often that of mere good prose. They lack the transcending qualities of warmth and imagination. Miss Field's, on the other hand, are characterized by a genuine awareness of a beauty that is never permitted to become casual, and by an imagination that never flags. A pawnshop window, an organ grinder, a Celtic legend, the chanting of a cricket, witch-hazel bursting "In startled yellow points"—such are a few of the images which form the content of the volume.

Miss Field's themes are American; those in Mrs. Keyes's The Happy Wanderer are more varied, with less intensity and a less compelling simplicity, but with a compensating richness of texture, and a coloring that changes with chameleon-like swiftness. Mrs. Keyes sings sincerely to the "Mother of Heaven, bathed in silver light" and St. Anne de Beaupré ("For I have felt your miracle, St. Anne!"). She writes also about the fiery goddess, Pele. She celebrates the southern islands with a series of skillful Hawaiian vignettes, Persia with a colorful long poem with a pleasingly exotic flavor, southern and northern skies alike. Zest, warmth, and sensitivity—these are the qualities which give significant beauty to her book. C. McC.

SHORTER NOTICES

RELIGION: The Life of Jesus Christ in the Land of Israel and Among Its People. By Dr. Franz Michel Willam. Translated and Edited by Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $4.50). This new life of our Lord is not a scholarly work like those by De Grandmaison, Lagrange or Lebreton, nor a devotional work like that by Archbishop Goodier. It is a popular life that pictures vividly the Oriental world in which Jesus lived. Scores of short chapters treat of the words and acts of Christ recorded in the Gospels, around which are woven brief accounts of climatic conditions in Judea and Galilea, and of Jewish ways of life. Dr. Willam has lived in Palestine, so that he writes at first hand of its traditions and customs, many of which have remained unchanged for centuries. He also draws his illustrative details from documents of the early centuries, such as the apocryphal Gospels, the Egyptian papyri, and the Talmud. Many an obscure passage

of the Gospels is made clear by the author's enlightening commentary, which makes us see and feel the happenings they record.

Sunshine and Saints. By Daisy H. Moseley (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.50). Miss Moseley has written precisely the type of book that many mothers and those who substitute for mothers have been seeking. It is a collection of short stories about ten well-known saints, Francis of Assisi, Catherine of Siena, Joan of Arc, Philip Neri, Teresa of Avila, Francis de Sales, Vincent de Paul, Isaac Jogues, Bernadette of Lourdes and Thérèse of Lisieux. The author writes with a view to the needs of children of ten and over, and she introduces them to these well-chosen saints in the course of a journey to their native cities. She makes her holy men and women seem very human and accessible, just the kind of people that boys and girls like to know and can easily be led to love. In these tales, only the framework is imaginative; the portraits are historical. A helpful touch is the list of the principal dates at the end of each sketch. There is a picture, too, of each of the subjects described in these brief biographies.

Jesuit Spirituality. By Rev. H. V. Gill, S.J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 3*s.* 6*d.*). Father Gill, in this small volume, presents the leading ideas of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius. The Saint's teaching is set forth in simple terms in the hope that the plain statement of the basic principles of Ignatian Spirituality will be a sufficient answer to possible critics of the Exercises. The fact is sometimes overlooked that the book of the Spiritual Exercises is primarily intended as a guide for the director of a retreat, and the expectant reader of the Ignatian text may find that it falls far short of his anticipations. The need of such a one would be met by the present volume in which the author devotes a brief and clearly written chapter to the various points which the Saint emphasized as important in the making of a retreat.

Symbols in the Church. By Carl Van Treeck and Aloysius Croft, M.A. (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $2.50). Works on ecclesiastical symbolism are not only difficult for the average layman to obtain, but are usually from the pens of German scholars, and weighted down with antiquarian footnotes and references. Many of these books, as the authors of Symbols in the Church point out, are, in addition, written from a non-Catholic standpoint, and, therefore, however impressive the learning, lack the key to the mystical treasure. Church symbols are not always used correctly or appropriately by architects, stained glass craftsmen, embroiderers of vestments and others. Whether Catholics or not, this clearly written and profusely illustrated book will prove invaluable to them and to the laity in general as a guide and interpreter in a field rich in historical tradition. The thirteen chapters cover the whole of the Christian revelation from the doctrine of the Most Holy Trinity to the Four Last Things.

Essays in Culture. By Right Rev. Msgr. John M. Wolfe (Boston: The Stratford Co. $2.50). Monsignor Wolfe, Catholic school superintendent in the Archdiocese of Dubuque, has published in this volume twenty-five sermons and addresses which he has delivered in various churches and schools of Iowa. They comprise sermons on the Holy Spirit, the Holy Name, the Holy Eucharist, the

Priesthood, St. Paul and St. Patrick; addresses on Washington, the social mission of the Church, the continuity of culture, music in the art of prayer, education for life, the religious life, etc. He styles them Essays in Culture, for, as he tells us in his preface, "each theme quite generally is developed in an educative way for spiritual and religious purposes and ends." The style is somewhat labored.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY: History of the Catholic Church. Vol. II. By Rev. Fernand Mourret, S.S. Translated by Rev. Newton Thompson, S.T.D. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. $4.00). The second volume of Father Mourret's nine-volume history of the Church has been ably translated by Father Thompson, who has in the last five years given us Vols. I. and V. The present volume deals with the fourth and fifth centuries, which witnessed the defeat of paganism, the triumph of the Church as the State religion, and the fall of the Empire of the West. Whereas the first volume mirrored forth the Church's successful withstanding of the pagan persecutions, the second proves her divine vitality in successfully combatting the many heresies which attacked the fundamental mysteries of the Faith. We are given clear and concise accounts of the heresies and schisms of the period, and their refutation by the Eastern and Western Fathers. Adequate space is devoted to the development of the hierarchy, the liturgy and the sacramental system. Valuable notes, a good bibliography and an excellent index add to the merits of this well-written volume.

Matteo Ricci's Scientific Contribution to China. By Henri Bernard, S.J. Translated by Edward C. Werner (Peiping: Henri Vetch. $2.50). Next to St. Francis Xavier the greatest figure in the Jesuit annals of the Far East is the famous missionary scientist, Matteo Ricci, S.J., the founder of Christianity in China (1552-1610). A student of Father Klau (Clavius) in the Collegio Romano, Father Ricci devoted himself assiduously to the study of mathematics, astronomy and cosmology. In 1582 he went to China at the invitation of Father Ruggieri, who had asked for a missionary, "capable of writing in Chinese on certain mathematical truths of which this nation is so fond." Father Bernard recounts the scientific attainments by which, during his twenty-five years of successful apostolate, Father Ricci won an entrance into the Chinese mind and heart. He wrote scores of learned treatises: a Complete Practical Arithmetic, a translation of the Elements of Euclid, an account of the astrolabe and the sphere. He designed a World Map and a Calendar, and constructed a number of scientific instruments. We look forward with great interest to Father Bernard's promised volume on Father Ricci's apostolate in China.

Puritans in the South Seas. By Louis B. Wright and Mary Isabel Fry (New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.00). Nine chapters of this volume are devoted to the efforts of the London Missionary Society to preach Puritanism in the principal islands of Polynesia. To round out the picture two chapters are added on the labors of the English methodists in Tonga, and of the American Congregationalists in Hawaii. The writers declare that they have tried to give an honest picture, relying on the missionaries' own story, and the testimony of contemporary non-

sectarian observers. Their book is a severe indictment of Protestant missions in Polynesia. The Christianity taught the natives was only a veneer, the Ten Commandments being honored more in the breach than in the observance. The missionaries were for the most part ignorant if well-meaning tradesmen and shopkeepers, more given to politics and business than to religion, which to them meant strict Sabbath keeping, reading the Bible, singing hymns and preaching emotional, revivalist sermons. Their hatred of Catholicism knew no bounds, although they frequently met their Waterloo at the hands of the more understanding and disinterested French missionaries.

Saint John Fisher. By Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P. (New York: Sheed & Ward. $1.75). Father McNabb has drawn an attractive portrait of a most learned and saintly prelate, who gladly gave up his life for his loyalty to Peter's See. St. John Fisher was the confessor of Mary Beaufort, mother of Henry VII., the founder of Christ College and St. John's at Cambridge, the friend of More and Erasmus, a great lover of the poor, a sturdy defender of the Faith against Luther and other German apostates, the denouncer, like John the Baptist, of Henry VIII.'s adultery, the one Bishop of all England to defy Tudor totalitarianism to the death.

John Fisher and Thomas More: Two English Saints. By Rev. Richard L. Smith (New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.50). Father Smith's apology for writing the lives of Fisher and More was hardly needed, for Catholics everywhere will welcome the English original of the Italian text presented to the Pope and the Cardinals as a souvenir of the canonization of the English martyrs on May 19, 1935. By the very nature of the case this book is a study of the saints' sanctity and martyrdom rather than a complete history or biography. Despite the author's modest disclaimer that he does not purpose to write a history of the times, he places the lives of the two saints in a true historical perspective.

MISCELLANEOUS: Prophets and Poets. By André Maurois. Translated by Hamish Miles (New York: Harper & Bros. $3.00). Maurois's latest book is a series of popular lectures which he delivered in Paris during the winter of 1934 at the invitation of M. Doumic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. They are gossipy talks on nine English writers,—Kipling, Wells, Shaw, Chesterton, Conrad, Strachey, Lawrence, Huxley and Katherine Mansfield. Since 1914, when Maurois acted as interpreter for the English army, his biographies of Shelley, Byron, Disraeli and Dickens have made him the interpreter of literary and social England to the French people. We doubt whether these lectures will add much to the author's reputation. While they may have been helpful to a French audience unfamiliar with the writers he discusses, the biographical details are too well known to be of much interest to American and English readers, while his critical estimates leave much to be desired. He says somewhere that "the world of appearances is the only world we will ever know; we cannot apprehend the essential reality distinct from these appearances." This skeptical attitude together with his view that "a work of art, be it novel or biography, is dead once you bring morality into

its pages" make him an unsafe guide.

Antony. By the Earl of Lytton (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.00). This series of letters, mostly between father and son, calls vividly to mind the fact that there need be little relation between the length of time a man lives and the fullness of life he enjoys. Antony, Viscount Knebworth, eldest son of the Earl of Lytton, saw only thirty years of life, and they held the same activities and experiences as the lives of thousands of other English boys of his class and time—a happy home, Eton, sports, Oxford, Parliament — nothing in environment to distinguish him, and yet this boy has left a little bundle of letters, written with no eye to publication, which have made him known and will go on endearing him to countless readers. The charm of the book lies in the picture, artlessly presented, of gay and gallant youth suspended in the moment of bloom and thus impervious to decay. In religious interest and unrest he ran the gamut of young Oxford, and one wonders what would have been his final finding had he survived the tragic air crash that took his life. The letters he received from his father are delightful and unusual, and there is a moving foreword contributed by Antony's friend and admirer, Sir James M. Barrie.

The Coming of the Monster. By Owen Francis Dudley (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00). The masterful monk, Father Anselm Thornton, has become a well-known figure in Catholic fiction, and this new episode in which he again attacks the machinations of Satan, shows him to be still a charming and forceful incarnation of Michael, a veritable scourge of Lucifer. The events portrayed in this book take place in present-day England, Russia, Hollywood, and Lourdes, and the theme is the conflict between the Spirit of Revolt against God which is apparent in modern godlessness and decadence, and the Spirit of Expiation, which Father Dudley sounds as a war-cry to rally the followers of Christ. The book is simple, vigorous and dramatic.

Get It Right. By J. B. Opdycke (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. $3.50). The jacket of this book modestly claims "to solve authoritatively every problem that the user of written English is likely to encounter." The general reader who has abundant time to become familiar with the contents may find much of interest in the chapters entitled Abbreviation, Capitalization, Italics, Library Self-Service, Punctuation, and Word Study. For secretaries and executives such chapters as those on Letter Writing (the best in the book), Reports, and Resolutions would be of special use. The chapters called Direct-by-Mail Copy and Word Study seemed overstuffed, and the section on figures of speech was completely out of keeping with the rest of the book except as bait for poets who would probably never use it anyway. The reviewer made up a list of eight genuine questions and tried to find the answers in Get It Right; in three cases a satisfactory explanation was found.

For Better, Not for Worse. By Dr. Walter A. Maier (St. Louis: Concordia Publishing House. $2.00). This is a rather full and well-considered manual of Christian Marriage, written in an effort to help stem the tide of paganism that threatens a spiritual interpretation of courtship, marriage and family relations to-day. Allowing for the

differences of view that are inevitable, since the author is a practicing Lutheran clergyman, there are innumerable points with which we agree, and the Catholic will find food for thought and enlightening statistics particularly in the chapters dealing with modern sociological and educational paganism, Communism, and birth control. Dr. Maier has taken the trouble to seek authoritative sources, and the reader has, in consequence, a sense of confidence in his findings.

The Garden Encyclopedia. Edited by E. L. D. Seymour, B.S.A. (New York: William H. Wise & Co. $4.00). Here is a book we are glad to recommend enthusiastically to every amateur gardener. Written and edited by American authorities on horticulture, it is a thoroughly practical and reliable guide covering every problem you meet in planning, planting and caring for a garden and giving in a single volume the scope and contents of a whole shelf full of ordinary garden books. There are 1,400 pages of clear, well-spaced text, and 750 fine illustrations. The book lies open at whatever page you turn, a notable advantage in any volume, particularly so in a book of reference, such as this.

Selected Annotated List of Books and Magazines for Parochial School Libraries. Compiled by Sister Cecil, C.S.J. (Westminster, Md.: John William Eckenrode. $2.50). Parochial school librarians will find this annotated book list very helpful. It comprises 1,500 titles of books by Catholics and non-Catholics, under various headings: mythology, fairy tales, natural and applied science, fine arts, literature, history, fiction and picture books. A dozen pages of an appendix include a Librarians' Shelf, a Reference Shelf, a Parent-Teacher Shelf, and a Directory of Publishers. Catholic authors are marked by an asterisk, and figures in parentheses indicate the grades for which the book is recommended.

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

B. L. C.: Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., missionary and writer, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; founder and spiritual director of the Catholic Unity League; author of *Studies in Church History, The Question Box*, etc.

B. M. O'R.: Bryan M. O'Reilly, writer and critic, New York City.

C. McC.: Camille McCole, M.A., writer and critic, Professor of English, St. John's University, Brooklyn, lecturer at Notre Dame College, Staten Island, and at Hunter College, New York City.

E. VR. W.: Euphemia Van Rensselaer (Mrs. Christopher) Wyatt, playwright, literary and dramatic critic; author of *Monica*.

J. F. T.: Rev. Joseph F. Thorning, S.J., Ph.D., Professor of Sociology at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.; associate editor of *Thought* for the Department of International Relations, and Chairman of the Europe Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace; author of *Religious Liberty in Transition*, etc.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; author of *The Sacrament of Duty, A Primer of Prayer*, etc.

M. C. M.: Margaret C. Meagher, writer, teacher, musician, cataloguer of bibliographical works for Art and University Society Libraries, Richmond, Va.

R. J. S. H.: Ross J. S. Hoffman, Professor in the Faculty of History, New York University, New York City; author of *Restoration, The Will to Freedom*, etc.

T. M.: Theodore Maynard, Ph.D., Litt.D., poet and essayist, Professor of English, Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.; author of *Carven from the Laurel Tree, Preface to Poetry*, etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BENZIGER BROS., New York:
The Flying Missionary. By Rev. Paul Schulte, O.M.I. Translated by George N. Shuster. $2.00.
DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
Democratic Despotism. By Raoul R. Desvernine. $2.00. *The Supreme Cause.* By Estelle M. Sternberger. $1.25.
EQUINOX COÖPERATIVE PRESS, New York:
Imperial Hearst. By Ferdinand Lundberg. $2.75.
HARPER & BROS., New York:
The Story of Congress. 1789-1935. By Ernest Sutherland Bates. $3.00.
HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
Women After Forty. By Grace Loucks Elliott. $1.25. *Poems, 1919-1934.* By Walter de la Mare. $2.50.
HOLIDAY HOUSE, New York:
Ol' Paul—The Mighty Logger. By Glen Rounds. $2.00. *The Fairy Fleet.* By George MacDonald. $1.25.
LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Give Me Liberty. By Rose Wilder Lane. 50 cents. *The Development of American Business and Banking Thought, 1913-1936.* By Charles C. Chapman, S.J., M.A., Ph.D. $2.50.
THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
A Political and Cultural History of Modern Europe. By Carlton J. H. Hayes. 2 vols. $10.00. *Mexican Martyrdom.* By Wilfrid Parsons. $2.50. Cambridge University Press: *Italy in the Making, 1846-1848.* By G. F.-H. and J. Berkeley. Vol. II. $6.00. *Five Centuries of Religion.* By G. G. Coulton, Litt.D., Camb. Vol. III. $12.50. *The Cambridge Medieval History.* Vol. VIII. Planned by J. B. Bury, M.A., F.B.A. Edited by C. W. Previté-Orton, Litt.D., F.B.A., and Z. N. Brooke, Litt.D. $12.00.
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Asking Them Questions. A Symposium. $1.50.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Reactionary Essays on Poetry and Ideas. By Allen Tate. $2.50.
SHEED & WARD, New York:
The Gates of the Church. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. $1.00. *Future of Bolshevism.* By Waldemar Gurian. $1.50. *The Living Source.* By Paul Bussard. 75 cents. *Traveller in Time.* By Mairin Mitchell. $2.50.
THE VIKING PRESS, New York:
Under the Axe of Fascism. By Gaetano Salvemini. $3.00. *Education before Verdun.* By Arnold Zweig. $2.50. Translated by Eric Sutton. $2.50. *Hearst: Lord of San Simeon.* By Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates. $3.00.
C. WILDERMANN Co., New York:
The Missal for Sundays and Principal Feasts of the Year. 25 cents.
THE H. W. WILSON Co., New York:
Literary Characters Drawn from Life. By Earle Walbridge.
ST. ANTHONY GUILD PRESS, Paterson, N. J.:
Explanation and Pious Reflections on the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. By Benedict Ballou, O.F.M. $2.00-$3.00.
JOHN MURPHY Co., Baltimore:
The Life of Mother St. Urban of the Congregation of the Sisters of Bon Secours of Paris. By Rev. Thomas David Williams. $2.00.
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
Essays in Appreciation. By John Livingston Lowes. $2.50.
THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS, Washington, D. C.:
Negro Musicians and Their Work. By Maud Cuney-Hare. $3.25.
NATIONAL HOME LIBRARY FOUNDATION, Washington, D. C.:
Plain Talk. By John W. Studebaker. 25 cents.
THE CARMELITE PRESS, Chicago, Ill.:
Carmelite Mysticism. By Rev. Titus Brandsma, O.Carm., Ph.D. $1.00.
WILLETT, CLARK & Co., Chicago:
The American Way. Edited by Newton D. Baker, Carlton J. H. Hayes and Roger W. Straus. $1.25.
THE QUEEN'S WORK, St. Louis:
Storm-Tossed. By Daniel Lord, S.J. $2.00.
THE BRUCE PUBLISHING Co., Milwaukee:
Thoughts on His Words and Ways. By J. E. Moffatt, S.J. 50 cents.
THE DANIELLE PUBLISHERS, San Diego:
The Biblical Basis of the Constitution. 50 cents and $1.00.
BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London:
Church and State. Papers read at the Summer School of Catholic Studies, Cambridge, July, 1935. Preface by Father Cuthbert Lattey, S.J. 7 *s.* 6 *d.*
MARSHALL SIMPKIN, LTD., London:
Melrose Abbey Then and Now. By Arthur R. Henderson. 2 *s.*
EDITIONS "ALSATIA," Paris:
La Vie mystique. Par Jerome Jaegen. Traduit par Albert Desgulgues. 15 *fr.*